

Difficult Breathing

Short breath, fluttering, palpitation, sinking spells are symptoms of a weak heart, struggling to do its work. It must keep the blood in circulation to carry nourishment to make flesh, bone and muscle, and remove the worn-out particles. When it cannot do this, it must have help. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure gives strength to the heart nerves and muscles, and increases the heart action.

"I am glad to say that I am so much improved in health. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured me when several doctors failed. I think no other medicine could do for me what Heart Cure has done. My case was bad; had no sleep at times. I had difficulty in getting my breath, my heart beat so fast at times that I thought it impossible to live without relief; the pain was very severe in my left side, and my nerves were all unstrung. I had almost given up all hope of being cured, and I am sure I would not, if I had not taken the Heart Cure. I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Miles' remedies to all who suffer with heart disease."

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Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the firm name of Fair & Cashman, in the grocery and stove business, New Oxford, Pa., has been dissolved this 23rd day of January, 1908, by mutual consent.

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Large Public Sale

Lumber, Slab & Cord Wood.
Saturday, February 1st, 1908.

On the farm of Jesse Broadbeck, formerly the Gable farm, near Hampton, the following: 60,000 feet of solid Oak Boards, Plank and Scantling, all full edged, 4,000 feet of 2x4, 3x4 and 4x4, from 8 to 16 feet, boards and 2x4, 90 cords of Oak and Hickory Slab Wood, about 40 cords of hickory, 12 inches long, 50 Acres of uncut tops, also standing timber, oak and hickory, in lots to suit purchasers, 200 Posts, 40 cords of cord wood with no brains, tree tops, chips, chunks, edging, sawdust, ashes, Lumbermen's Shanty, mill roof, etc.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., sharp. A credit of 3 months will be given to purchasers giving their notes with approved security. All sums under \$5 cash. Possibly no lumber to be removed until sale is over.

N. H. MUSSELMAN, P. M. Miller, Clerk.

J. M. Caldwell, Auctioneer.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,

DENTIST.

Office: Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.
All work neatly done and guaranteed

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

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Court Items.

Upon petition of the citizens of Union township a special election is ordered for the purpose of submitting the question of taxation for working the public roads and abolishing the work tax, to be held on February 18, 1908.

Sale confirmed in the real estate of Catharine Baker, late of Mt. Joy township ship.

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J. L. Butt, Esq., guardian of Clinton Crouse, minor child of Lewis Crouse, late of Butler township, allowed to pay to his said ward the sum of \$25 for the purpose of his maintenance.

Election by widow of John E. Plank, late of Tyrone township, deceased, filed and ordered to be recorded in the Orphan's Court.

Widow's list of Alice S. Frook, widow of John D. Frook, deceased, approved, unless exceptions are filed within 30 days.

Inquisition on the body of Clarence V. Border, of Reading township, approved and costs to be paid unless exceptions are filed thereto within 10 days by the County Solicitor, S. S. Neely, Esq.

Petition of S. S. Neely, Esq., auditor appointed to dispose of exceptions and make distribution of balance in hands of J. E. Bair and J. B. McPherson, receivers of Springs Hotel Company, a partnership to have Judgment No. 153, August 1898, and the issue raised by petitioners, filed to open same and let defendants into a defence. Order made as prayed for.

On motion of Wm. McSherry, Esq., Norman Swope Heindel was admitted to practice law in all the courts of Adams county after taking the usual oath prescribed by law.

Petition of George M. Helman, of Tyrone township, and John Kimple assignee in trust for the benefit of creditors of the said George M. Helman, filed.

Appraisement of personal property selected by Alice J. Schlosser, widow of Aaron J. Schlosser, late of Arendtsville, confirmed unless exceptions are filed within 20 days.

Constable bond of Vincent Weaver of Union township, approved.

Election of Dr. Wm. Biggs to accept a certain lot of ground located on the northwest corner of Washington and High streets in Gettysburg, under the will of Basil Biggs, deceased, at the valuation of \$1500, confirmed.

BOY SHOTS SISTER.

Shenandoah, Jan. 18.—James and Hattie Toomey, aged 10 and 12 years respectively, were indulging in youthful pranks this morning. James secured his brother's revolver and began to imitate a scene of a melodrama. While pointing the revolver at a post and mimicking the villain the weapon was suddenly discharged. There was a cry of pain and the girl fell to the ground shot in the chest near the heart.

Physicians probed for the bullet and were successful in locating it, though the victim is in a precarious condition. The youthful shooter is heartbroken over the affair. The sister admitted that the shooting was accidental and that the brother was not to blame.

SKATERS DROWN.

Indiana, Pa., Jan. 18.—Four children were drowned at noon today while skating on the reservoir at the Wharton Coal and Coke Company's ovens at Coral, near here. The children were with five companions on the dam when they cut their way through the snow to a part of the reservoir near one of the feeders. At that point the ice was but one inch thick. Suddenly about fifteen square feet of ice broke and the little ones sank into the freezing waters. Their bodies were recovered an hour later.

Look up the new ad. of the West End Grocery.

While in the act of sinking an axe into the trunk of a large tree on the farm of his son, Emanuel Klinedinst, a well known resident of near Gladfelter's Station, York county, dropped over dead Monday afternoon.

Harry C. Kepner, of Hagerstown, a Western Maryland track walker, was run down by a train Saturday morning between 5 and 6 o'clock, near Antietam paper mills. He was instantly killed and his body horribly mangled. Hepner is survived by a wife and three small children. He was 42 years of age.

Public Sale!

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1908. The undersigned, in order to reduce stock, will sell at public sale on his farm in Straban township, on the Gettysburg road, midway between New Chester and Hunterstown, near the Pines Church, the following personal property:

5 Head of Horses, 1 black horse rising 5 years, works wherever hitched and good driver, 1 bay mare 7 years old, good worker and speedy driver, 1 bay mare 6 years old, good worker and an all day roadster, 1 sorrel mare 9 years old, work wherever hitched, 1 bay horse 10 years old, family broke and works anywhere; 14 Head of Cattle, 6 milch cows, 5 to be fresh by time of sale the other in July, 2 heifers, close springers, 4 yearling heifers, 2 stock bulls; most of these cattle are Durham stock, 26 Head of Hogs, 2 fine brood sows to have pigs in March, 4 young sows, 2 Berkshire boars, 15 shoats ranging in weight from 50 to 100 lbs.; 1 Oliver chilled plow, 1 "Boy's Delight" riding plow in good order, 1 grain drill in good order, sleigh, and many articles not mentioned. 11 months credit given on sums of \$5 and upwards, or 4 per cent. off for cash. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock M. when further terms will be made known by

JAMES MILLHIMES, J. B. Crist, Auct. R. M. Straley, Clerk.

Members of Hebron Lodge No. 465, F. & A. M., with their wives and friends, held their annual banquet in honor of St. John's Day, at Hotel Oxford, on Tuesday evening. Members and friends from Hanover, Gettysburg, York Springs, Abbotstown, Hampton and other places were present and the number that partaken of the excellent menu, prepared by mine host Flesman and assistants, was unusually large, and an enjoyable evening was had by all participants.

Andrew Jackson McWilliams died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lillie Sindel, Reading, on Saturday morning, from a complication of diseases, in his 80th year. Deceased was born in Hanover and lived there until about 35 years ago, when he moved to Reading. His wife, who was a daughter of the late John Trone, also of Hanover, died 30 years ago.

A site for the erection of a building for the Arendtsville National Bank has been purchased on the southeast corner of the Square, at the intersection of East Main and Gettysburg streets, in Arendtsville.

WILL ARREST RING-LEADER

Rio Janeiro, Jan. 20.—The Brazilian police have discovered an anarchistic plot here having as its object the destruction of part of the American fleet now lying in the harbor. The conspiracy, while centering in Rio Janeiro and Petropolis, has ramifications in São Paulo and Minas Geraes. An individual named Jean Fedher was the chief conspirator here, although it is understood that foreign anarchists are deeply involved in the plot. Fedher is believed to have fled to São Paulo, and the police, who know him, have been sent to that place for the purpose of apprehending him.

One of the detectives, who was well acquainted with Fedher, having served on the police force at Petropolis for some time, returned from that place, after having made investigations there, and had a long conference with the chief of police at Rio Janeiro. The latter gave it to be understood later that the São Paulo police are on the track of the arch-conspirator and expect to arrest him soon.

In an official note the chief of police says:

"Some time before the arrival of the American fleet at Rio Janeiro the Brazilian government received from Washington and Paris advices that anarchists of different nationalities intended to damage one or several of the ships of the American fleet. The names and addresses of the conspirators were indicated by information which the police here had received previously from France and Germany. The police of this district are working with the police of São Paulo and Minas Geraes, and I am sure every precaution will be exercised and the most rigorous vigilance observed, both on land and at sea, to prevent any injury being done."

The chief of police, after having made this official statement, said that he did not feel he should go into any further details with regard to the conspiracy, but he authorized the statement that the plot was organized by Fedher, and he added that the people of the United States could rest easy, as all of the conspirators had taken refuge in the interior.

As yet the people of Brazil are ignorant of the plot to do injury to the visitors, although there has been some slight inkling of the matter. The impression which the exposure of this plot will create here will be a profound one, because it is the first anarchistic conspiracy that has ever been known in Brazil.

MURDERED AND ROBBED

Man's Throat Cut and Body Thrown On Railroad Tracks.

Baltimore, Jan. 21.—The dead body of John C. McKeown, a glassblower, whose home was in Philadelphia, was found on the tracks of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, near Rossville, Baltimore county. The lower part of the body was badly mutilated and had evidently been run over by a train. The upper part, however, showed but two wounds. The skull was fractured and the throat was cleanly cut from ear to ear. McKeown, who was about forty years old, was on his way to Philadelphia from this city. When he left here he had some money, but none was found on the body. The Baltimore police and the Baltimore & Ohio railroad detectives believe that the man was robbed and murdered, and expect to make an arrest shortly, notwithstanding the fact that the coroner's jury who viewed the body decided the case was one of accidental death.

A Dust Shower at Sea.

New York, Jan. 20.—A strange phenomenon in the Gulf of Mexico of a dust shower at sea was reported by the steamer Monterey, which arrived from Vera Cruz and Havana. The Monterey's officers declare that on Jan. 11, the night before arriving at Progreso, a peculiar white powder, like flour, fell from the skies. It was not a volcanic dust, there being no grit in the composition. The dust became sticky after falling in the vessel.

FUNERALS OF FIRE VICTIMS

Boyetown, Pa., Jan. 20.—Boyetown has at last come to a realization of the horror of the holocaust that wiped out 173 lives. Every person living here turned out to pay their last respects to the victims of the Rhoads Opera House disaster. It was one long procession of carriages. In every street funeral corteges, moving toward Fairview and Union cemeteries, were to be seen.

At the burial grounds the stream of carriages and mourners waited for hours to get in. The grave diggers did not get their work done, and it was necessary in many cases to halt the funeral until the graves could be made ready. There were not hearers enough to go around nor undertakers enough to care for the dead.

It was a common sight at the cemeteries to see corteges standing in the various avenues waiting for the men to finish graves or waiting for the minister. Twenty-five funerals were held Friday and sixty Saturday.

The bodies of twenty-four unidentified dead were buried in the Fairview cemetery in this place.

Upwards of 10,000 persons attended the services that marked the interment of the fire victims, who were buried in one long trench, dug in a circular shape. No eulogy was delivered at the grave, the ceremonies being of the simplest sort. Four ministers representing as many denominations, read the plain burial service of their respective churches. Each body was encased in a plain coffin and they lie separated in the ditch by brick walls. In time a monument, marked with the names of those reported missing since the fire and who are supposed to have been burned to death, will be erected in the center of the circular mound which marks the one big grave.

In connection with the missing, it developed that one more person has been reported lost to Coroner Strasser than has been indicated by the bodies found, so that it is apparent some persons may have been entirely consumed in the flames that swept the ill-fated opera house.

The mystery surrounding the finding of the body of a woman dressed in man's clothing in the fire has been solved.

Mrs. Rebecca Diamond, coming here from Philadelphia in answer to a telegram from Coroner Strasser, positively identified the body of the supposed stranger as that of her daughter, Rose, and announced that the coroner's dispatch had reached her just in time to prevent the burial of another as her daughter.

Frank England, a cousin of Rose Diamond, came here from Philadelphia and declared that the signet ring, bearing the initial letter "R," the diamond earrings, necklace and the bracelet found on the body were those of his cousin. Even in the case of this the authorities would have been inclined to believe that the jewels had been stolen from Miss Diamond in the course of the evening by the stranger but for the fact that the earrings were fastened in the ears.

Then the question arose, why, if the body were really that of Miss Diamond she should have been attired in trousers. A number of men who had gathered about the door of the hall the night of the entertainment were interviewed, and each declared that he well remembered the arrival of the pretty girl, and that there certainly was nothing about her to suggest a disguise.

Coroner Strasser then wired to Mrs. Diamond, in Philadelphia, where she was about to inter the supposed body of her daughter. The funeral was immediately halted and Mrs. Diamond boarded the first train for Boyetown. Immediately on examining the jewelry she announced that it was undoubtedly that of her daughter, and arranged for the exchange of the bodies.

It then developed upon the authorities to arrive at some explanation of the clothing found upon the body. An inquiry was instituted to find out its exact condition when found, and the manner in which the clothing was fastened to it. As a result of this the opinion was expressed by the coroner and the borough officials that the girl's body had lain under that of a man whose clothing dropped from his body and onto that of the girl and became fast there, while soaked with water, and then subject to the great heat. It is freely admitted that there are points of this explanation which do not explain, and which are not satisfactory, but in view of the positive statements of all those concerned and especially the fact that Rose Diamond's earrings were in the ears of the mysterious corpse, it was conceded to be the only one possible at the present time.

FOUR DEAD IN FIRE

Girls Thrown Into Panic at Knitting Mill in Scranton.

Scranton, Pa., Jan. 18.—Four girls were killed, ten seriously injured and a score or more slightly hurt at a

fire in the Imperial Knitting company's mill in Dix court, in the central part of the city.

Eighty-five girls were at work in the third floor when a fire broke out on the ground floor, where some men were vanishing furniture in a warehouse. It quickly ascended the elevator shaft and drove the girls panic-stricken to the one window opening on the fire escape. The fire escape is one of those in which the last reach of stairs is held in a horizontal position by a weight and pulley device. The girls first to reach this were afraid to descend it when they saw its far end moving downward. This caused a jam. The girls on the upper part of the fire escape were crowding those in front, and all the time the flames and smoke were enveloping them. By the time the firemen had arrived half of them had jumped some of them from the third floor. Men from the neighborhood soon arrived and held the swinging portion of the fire escape so that its end remained stationary on the ground, and the girls who had not jumped were being helped down, when the firemen came and with their ladders rescued those who were jammed on the upper stretches of the fire escape.

The whole interior of the building was eaten out by the flames, causing a loss of \$75,000, most of which falls on the underwear company.

ENTOMBED MINERS SAVED

Were Imprisoned Forty-six Days 1000 Feet Below the Surface.

Ely, Nev., Jan. 20.—After having been entombed forty-six days 1000 feet below the surface in the Alpha shaft of the Groulx mine, A. D. Bailey, P. J. Brown and Fred McDonald were rescued. Whistles all over the camp blew loudly, while crowds cheered in the streets of Ely to the ringing of bells.

"Ah" was the only word of Bailey the first to reach the outer air. He tottered forward into the arms of comrades, who in a few minutes recuperated him.

"Is that you, Arthur?" queried Fred McDonald, as his brother stepped forward and embraced him after nearly seven weeks of separation. "By George, it certainly seems good to be out of that hole" he said as he was led away, telling his brother of his terrible experience.

"Somebody give me a chew of tobacco" said Brown, with a laugh as he was led from the mine shaft to the change room of the mine where the three men were made comfortable.

They were imprisoned on Dec. 4 by the shaft caving in. At first it was thought they were killed but twenty-four hours after the accident the three buried men managed to make themselves heard by tapping on a six inch water pipe that reached from the pumping station to the surface. Communication was established with the world above and food and drink were plentifully lowered through the pipe. A portable telephone was lowered and the men were able to talk with people above.

SIX BOYS DROWNED

Lost Their Lives in New Jersey By Venturing On Thin Ice.

New York, Jan. 20.—Six boys lost their lives in New Jersey as the result of venturing on thin and treacherous ice.

At Newark Gustav Hartman, ten years old; his brother Louis, nine years old, and Leo Smith, ten years of age, broke through while crossing the ice on Kirchgesner's pond and were drowned.

Arthur and Harry Morgan, twins, fifteen years old, and Horace Weeks, twelve years old, were drowned at Tenafly after breaking through the ice of a small pond there. Two whining collie dogs on the bank and a stretch of water in the center of the pond, in which two hats were floating, told the tale of the tragedy to people who had been attracted by the barking of the little animals. The dogs were owned by the Morgan boys.

BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE

Pump House of Colliery Near Wilkes-Barre Destroyed.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jan. 21.—The pump house of the Fernwood colliery near Yatesville, owned and operated by the Hillside Coal and Iron company, was blown up with dynamite and destroyed. The building was located a half mile from the company's washery, and no one was on duty at the time. An investigation was made by the officials and the state constabulary, who believe it was the work of the Black Hand, there being a number of them in a thickly populated settlement nearby. The washery will be idle for several days.

Five Are Murdered.

Lewistown, Mont., Jan. 21.—Sheriff Harris received information of a quintuple murder on a ranch near Mosby. According to the message a woman of the name of Sluter and her four children, the oldest of whom was a girl eighteen years old, were murdered in their home and an attempt then made to destroy all evidences of the crime by burning the building. The bodies were found in the ruins by neighbors

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, January 15.

Wm. Crogers, a white man, was sentenced at Savannah, Ga., for the third time to be hanged for the killing of his wife last September.

The soda building of the Dupont Powder company, at Wapwallop, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was destroyed by fire entailing a loss of \$40,000.

Henry A. Schuler, editor of the Pennsylvania German Magazine, and long editor of the Allentown Welt Bote and Friedens Bote, died at Allentown, Pa., from pneumonia, aged fifty-seven years.

Thursday, January 16.

John H. Chapman was appointed receiver for R. M. Smith & Company wholesale lumber dealers, of Parkersburg, W. Va. Assets, \$500,000; liabilities, \$350,000.

Samuel Fisler, seventy-two years of age, for over a quarter of a century treasurer of Lafayette college, was found dead in bed at his home on College hill, Easton, Pa.

The bodies of two men, who were identified by papers in their pockets as Ira B. Stetson, of Liverpool, O., and Albert E. Donovan, of New Rochelle, N. Y., were found beside the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad at New Brunswick, N. J.

Friday, January 17.

Hepburn hall, the girls' dormitory at Miami university, at Oxford, O., was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$50,000.

Mrs. Lydia K. Bradley, one of the richest women in Illinois, and well known for her philanthropy, died at Peoria, Ill., aged ninety-two years.

The J. G. Brill Company, car builders, of Philadelphia, have been invited to bid on a contract to supply cars for the St. Petersburg municipal street railway.

Arthur Chapman, of Doylestown, was appointed a member of the Pennsylvania state board of game commissioners by Governor Stuart to succeed former State Treasurer Frank G. Harris.

Saturday, January 18.

Notice was posted at the shops of the Lehigh Valley railroad at Easton, Pa., reducing the working time to forty hours a week.

George Kenney, a negro, was hanged at Charlotte, S. C., for the murder of H. G. Stello, a white guard, at the convict camp in this county.

While miners were drilling in a "missed hole" charged with dynamite at the Winona mine, at Hancock, Mich., an explosion occurred, instantly killing Henry Luckonen and fatally injuring John Koski.

Gilbert Maddox, convicted of the murder of James E. Camm, a watch man at the South Jersey basket factory at Bridgeton on Oct. 5, was sentenced to die in the electric chair during the week beginning on Feb. 23 next.

Monday, January 20.

All of the mills of the American Writing Paper company, at Holyoke, Mass., resumed operations.

Frank Carlucci, aged five years, playing in a West Scranton, Pa., street was killed by an electric car.

Interrupted while blowing open the safe in the postoffice at New Canaan, Conn., burglars wounded a policeman and escaped with \$16.

More than one-half of the \$74,000.000 New York clearing house certificates issued during the bank panic have been withdrawn from circulation.

After helping milk the cows, Mrs. Benjamin Leibert went to the barn on their farm near South Bethlehem, Pa., and crawled into the hay loft, where she hanged herself and died.

Tuesday, January 21.

Fire destroyed the Sunflower Glass company's plant at Coffeyville, Kan., causing damage of \$100,000.

Max Rosenbaum, one of Pittsburg's most prominent business men, dropped dead on the street of heart disease.

Betsy Bonnett, ninety-five years of age, daughter of Obeju, chief of the tribe of Ottawa Indians, died at Sandusky, O.

Donato Fabrizio, a young Italian, was sentenced, at Reading, Pa., to twenty years in the eastern penitentiary for the murder of a fellow-countryman at Monocacy during a drunken bout.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

BALTIMORE — WHEAT easy; No. 2 spot, \$1.06½; No. 1, \$1.05½; No. 2 spot, \$0.98½; No. 1, \$0.97½. CORN steady; mixed spot, 65½¢; No. 2, 65¢; No. 1, 65½¢. STEAMER mixed, 65½¢; No. 2, 65¢; No. 1, 65½¢. OATS steady; white, No. 2, 57¢; No. 1, 57½¢; No. 2, 56½¢; No. 1, 57¢. MIXED No. 2, 56½¢; No. 1, 57¢. BUTTER firm; creamery separator extras, 30¢; 31¢; held, 22¢. PRINTS, 30¢; 31¢; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 17¢; 18¢. EGGS lower; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 24¢; West Virginia, 23¢; southern, 21¢; 22¢, per dozen.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards). CATTLE higher; choice, \$5.65-75; prime, \$5.30-5.50. SHEEP strong; lambs higher; prime wethers, \$4.40-5.00; culls and common, \$2.00-3.00; \$6.74-7.40; veal calves, \$7.50-8.00. HOGS higher; prime heavies, \$4.50-4.55; medium and heavy Yorkers, \$4.55; light Yorkers, \$4.50; pigs, \$4.50; roughs, \$3.50-4.00.

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXIX.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908.

NO. 40.

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J. L. Butt, Esq., guardian of Clinton Crouse, minor child of Lewis Crouse, late of Butler township, allowed to pay to his said ward the sum of \$25 for the purpose of his maintenance.

Election by widow of John E. Plank, late of Tyrone township, deceased, filed and ordered to be recorded in the Orphan's Court.

Widow's list of Alice S. Frock, widow of John D. Frock, deceased, approved, unless exceptions are filed within 20 days.

Inquisition on the body of Clarence V. Border, of Reading township, approved and costs to be paid unless exceptions are filed thereto within 10 days by the County Solicitor, S. S. Neely, Esq.

Petition of S. S. Neely, Esq., auditor appointed to dispose of exceptions and make distribution of balance in hands of J. E. Bair and J. B. McPherson, receivers of Springs Hotel Company, partnership to have Judgment No. 153, August 1898, and the issue raised by petitioners, filed to open same and let defendants answer to a defence. Order made as prayed for.

On motion of Wm. McSherry, Esq., Norman Swope Heindel was admitted to practice law in all the courts of Adams county after taking the usual oath prescribed by law.

Petition of George M. Helman, of Tyrone township, and John Kimple assignee in trust for the benefit of creditors of the said George M. Helman, filed.

Appraisement of personal property selected by Alice J. Schlosser, widow of Aaron J. Schlosser, late of Arendtsville, confirmed unless exceptions are filed within 20 days.

Constable bond of Vincent Weaver of Union township, approved.

Election of Dr. Wm. Biggs to accept a certain lot of ground located on the northwest corner of Washington and High streets in Gettysburg, under the will of Basil Biggs, deceased, at the valuation of \$1500, confirmed.

BOY SHOTS SISTER.

Shenandoah, Jan. 18.—James and Hattie Toomey, aged 10 and 12 years respectively, were indulging in youthful pranks this morning. James secured his brother's revolver and began to imitate a scene of a melodrama. While pointing the revolver at a post and mimicking the villain the weapon was suddenly discharged. There was a cry of pain and the girl fell to the ground shot in the chest near the heart.

Physicians probed for the bullet and were successful in locating it, though the victim is in a precarious condition. The youthful shooter is heartbroken over the affair. The sister admitted that the shooting was accidental and that the brother was not to blame.

SKATERS DROWN.

Indiana, Pa., Jan. 18.—Four children were drowned at noon today while skating on the reservoir at the Wharton Coal and Coke Company's ovens at Coral, near here. The children were with five companions on the dam when they cut their way through the snow to a part of the reservoir near one of the feeders. At that point the ice was but one inch thick. Suddenly about fifteen square feet of ice broke and the little ones sank into the freezing waters. Their bodies were recovered an hour later.

Look up the new ad. of the West End Grocery.

While in the act of sinking an axe into the trunk of a large tree on the farm of his son, Emmanuel Klinedinst, a well known resident of near Gladfield's Station, York county, dropped over dead Monday afternoon.

Harry C. Kepner, of Hagerstown, a Western Maryland track walker, was run down by a train Saturday morning between 5 and 6 o'clock, near Antietam paper mills. He was instantly killed and his body horribly mangled. Kepner is survived by a wife and three small children. He was 42 years of age.

Public Sale!

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1908.

The undersigned, in order to reduce stock, will sell at public sale on his farm in Straban township, on the Gettysburg road, midway between New Chester and Hagerstown, near the Pines Church, the following personal property:

5 Head of Horses, 1 black horse rising 5 years, works wherever hitched and good driver, 1 bay mare 7 years old, good worker and speedy driver, 1 bay mare 6 years old, good worker and an all day roadster, 1 sorrel mare 9 years old, work wherever hitched, 1 bay horse 10 years old, family brook and works anywhere; 14 Head of Cattle—6 milk cows, 5 to be fresh by time of sale the other in July, 2 heifers, close springers, 4 yearling heifers, 2 stock bulls; most of these cattle are Durham stock. 26 Head of Hogs, 4 fine blood sows to have pigs in March, 4 young sows, 2 Berkshire boars, 18 shoats ranging in weight from 50 to 100 lbs., 10 Oliver chills plow, 1 "Boy's Delight" riding plow in good order, 1 grain drill in good order, sleigh and many articles not mentioned. 11 months credit given on sums of \$5 and upwards, or 4 per cent. off for cash. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock M. When further terms will be made known by

JAMES MILLIKES, J. B. Orist, Auct. R. M. Straley, Clerk.

Members of Hebron Lodge No. 465, F. & A. M., with their wives and friends, held their annual banquet in honor of St. John's Day, at Hotel Oxford, on Tuesday evening. Members and friends from Hanover, Gettysburg, York Springs, Abbotstown, Hampton and other places were present and the number that partaken of the excellent menu, prepared by mine host Freshman and assistants, was unusually large, and an enjoyable evening was had by all participants.

Andrew Jackson McWilliams died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lillie Sindel, Reading, on Saturday morning, from a complication of diseases, in his 80th year. Deceased was born in Hanover and lived there until about 35 years ago, when he moved to Reading. His wife, who was a daughter of the late John Trone, also of Hanover, died 30 years ago.

A site for the erection of a building for the Arendtsville National Bank has been purchased on the southeast corner of the Square, at the intersection of East Main and Gettysburg streets, in Arendtsville.

WILL ARREST RING-LEADER

Rio Janeiro, Jan. 20.—The Brazilian police have discovered an anarchistic plot here having as its object the destruction of part of the American fleet now lying in the harbor. The conspiracy, while centering in Rio Janeiro and Petropolis, has ramifications in São Paulo and Minas Geraes. An individual named Jean Fedher was the chief conspirator here, although it is understood that foreign anarchists are deeply involved in the plot. Fedher is believed to have fled to São Paulo, and the police, who know him, have been sent to that place for the purpose of apprehending him.

One of the detectives, who was well acquainted with Fedher, having served on the police force at Petropolis for some time, returned from that place, after having made investigations there, and had a long conference with the chief of police at Rio Janeiro. The latter gave it to be understood later that the São Paulo police are on the track of the arch-conspirator and expect to arrest him soon.

In an official note the chief of police says:

"Some time before the arrival of the American fleet at Rio Janeiro the Brazilian government received from Washington and Paris advices that anarchists of different nationalities intended to damage one or several of the ships of the American fleet. The names and addresses of the conspirators were indicated by information which the police here had received previously from France and Germany. The police of this district are working with the police of São Paulo and Minas Geraes, and I am sure every precaution will be exercised and the most rigorous vigilance observed, both on land and at sea, to prevent any injury being done."

The chief of police, after having made this official statement, said that he did not feel he should go into any further details with regard to the conspiracy, but he authorized the statement that the plot was organized by Fedher, and he added that the people of the United States could rest easy, as all of the conspirators had taken refuge in the interior.

As yet the people of Brazil are ignorant of the plot to do injury to the visitors, although there has been some slight inkling of the matter. The impression which the exposure of this plot will create here will be a profound one, because it is the first anarchistic conspiracy that has ever been known in Brazil.

MURDERED AND ROBBED

Man's Throat Cut and Body Thrown On Railroad Tracks.

Baltimore, Jan. 21.—The dead body of John C. McKeown, a glassblower, whose home was in Philadelphia, was found on the tracks of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, near Rossville, Baltimore county. The lower part of the body was badly mutilated and had evidently been run over by a train. The upper part, however, showed but two wounds. The skull was fractured and the throat was cleanly cut from ear to ear. McKeown, who was about forty years old, was on his way to Philadelphia from this city. When he left here he had some money, but none was found on the body. The Baltimore police and the Baltimore & Ohio railroad detectives believe that the man was robbed and murdered, and expect to make an arrest shortly, notwithstanding the fact that the coroner's jury who viewed the body decided the case was one of accidental death.

A Dust Shower at Sea.

New York, Jan. 20.—A strange phenomenon in the Gulf of Mexico of a dust shower at sea was reported by the steamer Monterey, which arrived from Vera Cruz and Havana. The Monterey's officers declare that on Jan. 11, the night before arriving at Progreso, a peculiar white powder, like flour, fell from the skies. It was not a volcanic dust, there being no grit in the composition. The dust became sticky after falling in the vessel.

FUNERALS OF FIRE VICTIMS

Boyetown, Pa., Jan. 20.—Boyetown has at last come to a realization of the horror of the holocaust that wiped out 173 lives. Every person living here turned out to pay their last respects to the victims of the Rhoads Opera House disaster. It was one long procession of carriages. In every street funeral corteges, moving toward Fairview and Union cemeteries, were to be seen.

At the burial grounds the stream of carriages and mourners waited for hours to get in. The grave diggers did not get their work done, and it was necessary in many cases to halt the funeral until the graves could be made ready. There were not hearers enough to go around nor undertakers enough to care for the dead.

It was a common sight at the cemeteries to see corteges standing in the various avenues waiting for the men to finish graves or waiting for the minister. Twenty-five funerals were held Friday and sixty Saturday.

The bodies of twenty-four unidentified dead were buried in the Fairview cemetery in this place.

Upwards of 10,000 persons attended the services that marked the interment of the fire victims, who were buried in one long trench, dug in a circular shape. No eulogy was delivered at the grave, the ceremonies being of the simplest sort. Four ministers representing as many denominations, read the plain burial service of their respective churches. Each body was encased in a plain coffin and they lie separated in the ditch by brick walls. In time a monument, marked with the names of those reported missing since the fire and who are supposed to have been burned to death, will be erected in the centre of the circular mound which marks the one big grave.

In connection with the missing, it developed that one more person has been reported lost to Coroner Strasser than has been indicated by the bodies found, so that it is apparent some persons may have been entirely consumed in the flames that swept the ill-fated opera house.

The mystery surrounding the finding of the body of a woman dressed in man's clothing in the fire has been solved.

Mrs. Rebecca Diamond, coming here from Philadelphia in answer to a telegram from Coroner Strasser, positively identified the body of the supposed stranger as that of her daughter, Rose, and announced that the coroner's dispatch had reached her just in time to prevent the burial of another as her daughter.

Frank England, a cousin of Rose Diamond, came here from Philadelphia and declared that the signet ring, bearing the initial letter "R," the diamond earrings, necklace and the bracelet found on the body were those of his cousin. Even in the case of this the authorities would have been inclined to believe that the jewels had been stolen from Miss Diamond in the course of the evening by the stranger but for the fact that the earrings were fastened in the ears.

Then the question arose, why, if the body were really that of Miss Diamond she should have been attired in trousers. A number of men who had gathered about the door of the hall the night of the entertainment were interviewed, and each declared that he well remembered the arrival of the pretty girl, and that there certainly was nothing about her to suggest a disguise.

Coroner Strasser then wired to Mrs. Diamond, in Philadelphia, where she was about to inter the supposed body of her daughter. The funeral was immediately halted and Mrs. Diamond boarded the first train for Boyetown. Immediately on examining the jewelry she announced that it was undoubtedly that of her daughter, and arranged for the exchange of the bodies.

It then developed upon the authorities to arrive at some explanation of the clothing found upon the body. An inquiry was instituted to find out its exact condition when found, and the manner in which the clothing was fastened to it. As a result of this the opinion was expressed by the coroner and the borough officials that the girl's body had lain under that of a man whose clothing dropped from his body and onto that of the girl and became fast there, while soaked with water, and then subject to the great heat. It is freely admitted that there are points of this explanation which do not explain, and which are not satisfactory, but in view of the positive statements of all those concerned and especially the fact that Rose Diamond's earrings were in the ears of the mysterious corpse, it was conceded to be the only one possible at the present time.

FOUR DEAD IN FIRE

Girls Thrown Into Panic at Knitting Mill in Scranton.

Scranton, Pa., Jan. 18.—Four girls were killed, ten seriously injured and 200 or more slightly hurt at a

fire in the Imperial Knitting company's mill in Dix court, in the central part of the city.

Eighty-five girls were at work in the third floor when a fire broke out on the ground floor, where some men were varnishing furniture in a warehouse. It quickly ascended the elevator shaft and drove the girls panic-stricken to the one window opening on the fire escape. The fire escape is one of those in which the last reach of stairs is held in a horizontal position by a weight and pulley device. The girls first to reach this were afraid to descend it when they saw its far end moving downward. This caused a jam. The girls on the upper part of the fire escape were crowding those in front, and all the time the flames and smoke were enveloping them. By the time the firemen had arrived half of them had jumped some of them from the third floor. Men from the neighborhood soon arrived and held the swinging portion of the fire escape so that its end remained stationary on the ground, and the girls who had not jumped were being helped down, when the firemen came and with their ladders rescued those who were jammed on the upper stretches of the fire escape.

The whole interior of the building was eaten out by the flames, causing a loss of \$75,000, most of which falls on the underwear company.

ENTOMBED MINERS SAVED

Were Imprisoned Forty-six Days 1000 Feet Below the Surface.

Ely, Nev., Jan. 20.—After having been entombed forty-six days 1000 feet below the surface in the Alpha shaft of the Giroux mine, A. D. Bailey, P. J. Brown and Fred McDonald were rescued. Whistles all over the camp blew loudly, while crowds cheered in the streets of Ely to the ringing of bells.

"Ah" was the only word of Bailey the first to reach the outer air. He tottered forward into the arms of comrades, who in a few minutes recuperated him.

"Is that you, Arthur?" queried Fred McDonald, as his brother stepped forward and embraced him after nearly seven weeks of separation. "By George, it certainly seems good to be out of that hole," he said as he was led away, telling his brother of his terrible experience.

"Somebody give me a chew of tobacco," said Brown, with a laugh as he was led from the mine shaft to the change room of the mine where the three men were made comfortable.

They were imprisoned on Dec. 4 by the shaft caving in. At first it was thought they were killed but twenty-four hours after the accident the three buried men managed to make themselves heard by tapping on a six inch water pipe that reached from the pumping station to the surface. Communication was established with the mine above and food and drink were plentifully lowered through the pipe. A portable telephone was lowered and the men were able to talk with people above.

SIX BOYS DROWNED

Lost Their Lives In New Jersey By Venturing On Thin Ice.

New York, Jan. 20.—Six boys lost their lives in New Jersey as the result of venturing on thin and treacherous ice.

At Newark Gustav Hartman, ten years old; his brother Louis, nine years old, and Leo Smith, ten years of age, broke through while crossing the ice on Kirchgesner's pond and were drowned.

Arthur and Harry Morgan, twins, fifteen years old, and Horace Weeks, twelve years old, were drowned at Tennyah after breaking through the ice of a small pond there. Two whirling collie dogs on the bank and a stretch of water in the center of the pond, in which two hats were floating, told the tale of the tragedy to people who had been attracted by the barking of the little animals. The dogs were owned by the Morgan boys.

BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE

Pump House of Colliery Near Wilkes-Barre Destroyed.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jan. 21.—The pump house of the Fernwood colliery near Yatesville, owned and operated by the Hillside Coal and Iron company, was blown up by dynamite and destroyed. The building was located a half mile from the company's washery, and no one was on duty at the time. An investigation was made by the officials and the state constabulary, who believe it was the work of the Black Hand, there being a number of them in a thickly populated settlement nearby. The washery will be idle for several days.

Five Are Murdered.

Lewistown, Mont., Jan. 21.—Sheriff Harris received information of a quintuple murder on a ranch near Mosby.

According to the message a woman of the name of Sluter and her four children, the oldest of whom was a girl eighteen years old, were murdered in their home and an attempt then made to destroy all evidences of the crime by burning the building. The bodies were found in the ruins by neighbors

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, January 15.

Wm. Crogers, a white man, was sentenced at Savannah, Ga., for the third time to be hanged for the killing of his wife last September.

The soda building of the Dupont Powder company, at Wapwallop, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was destroyed by fire entailing a loss of \$40,000.

Henry A. Schuler, editor of the Pennsylvania German Magazine, and long editor of the Allentown Welt Bote and Friedens Bote, died at Allentown, Pa., from pneumonia, aged fifty-seven years.

Thursday, January 16.

John H. Chapman was appointed receiver for R. M. Smith & Company, wholesale lumber dealers, of Parkersburg, W. Va. Assets, \$500,000; liabilities, \$350,000.

Samuel Fiesler, seventy-two years of age, for over a quarter of a century treasurer of Lafayette college, was found dead in bed at his home on College hill, Easton, Pa.

The bodies of two men, who were identified by papers in their pockets as Ira B. Stetson, of Liverpool, O., and Albert E. Donovan, of New Rochelle, N. Y., were found beside the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad at New Brunswick, N. J.

Friday, January 17.

Hepburn hall, the girls' dormitory at Miami university, at Oxford, O., was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$50,000.

Mrs. Lydia K. Bradley, one of the richest women in Illinois, and well known for her philanthropy, died at Peoria, Ill., aged ninety-two years.

The J. G. Brill Company, car builders, of Philadelphia, have been invited to bid on a contract to supply cars for the St. Petersburg municipal street railway.

Arthur Chapman, of Doylestown, was appointed a member of the Pennsylvania state board of game commissioners by Governor Stuart to succeed former State Treasurer Frank G. Harris.

Saturday, January 18.

Notice was posted at the shops of the Lehigh Valley railroad at Easton, Pa., reducing the working time to forty hours a week.

George Kenney, a negro, was hanged at Charlotte, S. C., for the murder of H. G. Stello, a white guard, at the convict camp in this county.

While miners were drilling in a "missed hole" charged with dynamite at the Winona mine, at Hancock Mich., an explosion occurred, instantly killing Henry Luckonen and fatally injuring John Koski.

Gilbert Maddox, convicted of the murder of James E. Camm, a watchman at the South Jersey basket factory at Bridgeton on Oct. 5, was sentenced to die in the electric chair during the week beginning on Feb. 23 next.

Monday, January 20.

All of the mills of the American Writing Paper company, at Holyoke, Mass., resumed operations.

Frank Carlucci, aged five years, playing in a West Scranton, Pa., street was killed by an electric car.

Interrupted while blowing open the safe in the postoffice at New Canaan, Conn., burglars wounded a policeman and escaped with \$16.

More than one-half of the \$74,000, 000 New York clearing house certificates issued during the bank panic have been withdrawn from circulation.

After helping milk the cows, Mrs. Benjamin Leibert went to the barn on their farm near South Bethlehem, Pa., and crawled into the hay loft, where she hanged herself and died.

Tuesday, January 21.

Fire destroyed the Sunflower Glass company's plant at Coffeyville, Kan., causing damage of \$100,000.

Max Rosenbaum, one of Pittsburgh's most prominent business men, dropped dead on the street of heart disease.

Betsy Bonnett, ninety-five years of age, daughter of Obej, chief of the tribe of Ottawa Indians, died at Sandusky, O.

Donato Fabrizio, a young Italian, was sentenced, at Reading, Pa., to twenty years in the eastern penitentiary for the murder of a fellow-countryman at Monocacy during a drunken bout.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

BALTIMORE — WHEAT easy; No. 2 spot, \$1.05 1/2 @ 1.05 3/4; steamer No. 2 spot, 98 1/2 @ 99 1/4 c.; southern, \$1.01 1/2. CORN steady; mixed spot, 65 1/4 @ 65 1/2 c.; steamer mixed, 58 1/2 @ 59 1/4 c.; southern, 60 1/2 @ 61 1/4 c. OATS steady; white, No. 2, 57 1/2 @ 57 3/4 c.; No. 3, 56 1/2 @ 56 3/4 c.; No. 4, 52 1/2 @ 53 1/4 c.; mixed, No. 2, 54 @ 54 1/2 c.; No. 3, 52 1/2 @ 53 c. BUTTER firm; creamery separator extras, 30 @ 31 c.; held, 22 @ 24 c. PRICES, 30 @ 31 c. Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 17 @ 18 c. EGGS lower; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 24 c.; West Virginia, 23 c.; southern, 21 @ 22 c. per dozen.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards) — CATTLE — higher choice, \$5.45 1/2; prime, \$5.30 @ 5.50. SHEEP — medium; lambs higher; prime wethers, \$5.40 @ 5.60; culls and common, \$2.30 @ 3.00; heavy, \$4.50 @ 4.65; light, \$4.40 @ 4.55; roughs, \$3.50 @ 4.00.

MAKE A BLUFF.

If there isn't any pleasure
In your journey day by day,
If you've got excuse for kicking
Don't you do it! Don't you do it!
Just be happy, anyhow.

Just be happy, just be happy;
Take the fiddle and the bow,
Snuggle it against your shoulder,
Lumber up and let her go,
Till the world is full of music
And there's joy in every string,
Till you get all outdoors laughing
And you make the echoes sing.

It's a duty you are owing
To the world to shake your feet,
And to lift your voice in song,
Till the music fills the street;
If the world is dark and gloomy
And you haven't got a friend,
It's your duty to dissemble,
It's your duty to pretend.

If you meet the world a-grinin',
Then the world will grin at you;
You can laugh the clouds to shivers;
Till the blue sky glimmers through;
If you just pretend you're happy,
With your whole heart in the bluff,
Then, almost before you know it,
You'll be happy, sure enough!

"I raised my voice and shouted to Little Chief to know what he had to say."

"Two Moons will surrender!" was his answer. "He will go out to those men now. I have never taken their horses, and I did not counsel my brother to do so!"

"The boy who ran off your horses by mistake will come out to you now," I interpreted, turning to Farrell and the nearer men. "He will come unarmed. The other man, his brother, was in no way to blame, save in telling the boy an old tradition of finding a horseshoe. If you punish Little Chief, you should punish also all these others who have come out to defend the boy."

"Sounds reasonable," Farrell reluctantly admitted. "Well, tell the thief to come out." Then word was passed along the line.

"I signaled the brothers that Two Moons should come on. There was no hesitation. The slim, half-naked boy suddenly appeared upon the level. He came toward us, walking very straight and steadily, and to his doom, as I verily believed."

"The lad was stripped to the leggings, and his hair, freshly braided and greased, hung in two strings down his breast. In all his bearing there was the high spirit of self-sacrifice, of making atonement. As he drew near, I found myself biting my lips and my vision getting misty with the pity of it. He came direct to me."

"My father," he said, "I alone am to blame for what has happened. I wish to give my body to these men that my people may not suffer."

"A dozen or more cowboys had gathered about their leader as I interpreted. As I spoke, Two Moons, with flushed face, showing a pleading eagerness that his sacrifice should be accepted, went forward a little to face them."

"Before I had finished speaking a thrill went through me. The atmosphere of hostility had melted as clouds vanish after a June shower. The brave spirit and truthful face of the boy had won what neither argument nor force could have accomplished."

"There were some seconds of silence; then one of the men raised the tension."

"Shucks!" he said, and turning his back on the scene, walked off. Everybody laughed, and Farrell flung his hat at the boy's feet."

"You little sap-sucker," he said, "you've mighty nigh raised a lot of mischief, but you've shore made good for the sand!" Bill, he said to one of his men, "bring up that gray pony o' mine and give it to this high red. We've got to remove him from temptation."

"Amid laughter and the gathering of the clan, white and red, the gray pony was brought, and Two Moons, the most amazed and delighted little Indian on earth, I reckon, was lifted upon the back of a fine cow-horse, and made to understand that it was his. Then the cowboys rode away,

ed not of its truth, smacked of im-

probability. They declared that they would 'get those thieving Sioux,' if they had to starve them out! Had they been within the reservation limits, I might have made my authority felt, but they were well outside my jurisdiction; and I saw that neither threat nor persuasion could avail.

"After some talk I went back to where I had posted Chaska—Two Moons' father—only to find that he was gone. I knew then that, in spite of my injunction, he had passed the word of his boys' plight out over the agency. The cow-men must back down in the end, or fight my Brules."

"The wretched prospect of another Indian uprising was staring me in the face, and I had not even communication by wire with the outside world. I went back to the cow-men, to be a witness against them and for my Indians in the last extremity."

"Had the night been dark, I should have had hope that Little Chief and Two Moons might crawl through the lines or make a dash and get away; but there was a brilliant full moon, and a man could be seen quite plainly at 200 yards. The cowboys stood, or grimly sat, at intervals of fifty yards, and a rabbit could not have passed their line without discovery."

"Farrell was not at all pleased to see me when I bivouacked at his stand. He was offish in conversation, not exactly rude, but with a tone which said, 'You may camp here, it's a free range—too free for interference of any sort!'"

"By midnight other cow-men began to arrive, and by daylight there were twenty-five or thirty at hand. Evidently these men expected a sortie by the agency Sioux, and were prepared to fight. Losses from stock 'rustling' of late had exasperated the whole district of the Antelope. Each man of these besiegers carried a magazine gun and two revolvers, and was belted with metallic cartridges, so that, in the distance, he appeared to be uniformed in copper plate."

"I knew that, if not interfered with, they would rush my Indians

As It Striketh the Philosopher.

By H. J. THIEDE.

1. Keep your conscience tender.
2. Be not weary in well doing.
3. To-day's frugality is to-morrow's felicity.
4. Salvation is an accomplishment through the selection of the best ends of life. Degradation is a consequence of the cultivation of the worst ends of life.
5. Better go supperless to bed than to rise in debt.
6. Man should pay more attention to the chips on his lathe than those on the street.
7. Every dollar put by to-day comes as a gift to you to-morrow.
8. One whose falsehoods no longer deceive has forfeited the right to speak the truth.
9. Mediocrity can talk, but it is for genius to observe.
10. Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.
11. Character building is a consequence of constant training and development.
12. Man is like a cracked bell that does not ring because of the grating of the two broken surfaces on each other, but if these could be trimmed off by means of a saw or file, it would remedy the defect.

and end the business as soon as they had coffee and a bite to eat. While a detail was passing coffee and hard biscuit along the line, my Sioux put in an appearance. To the number of fifty odd these filed out of a coulee, in a glitter of oiled guns and copper shells, and took position, sitting their horses, like a group of bronze and armored statues, at 600 or 700 yards. They were the pick of my agency, armed, doubtless, with all the guns and cartridges that could be collected on Antelope Reservation.

"The cow-men paid this formidable party no apparent heed, but proceeded calmly with the bread and coffee. Yet I knew that a fight was imminent, and without providential interference could not be delayed beyond a few minutes. I begged permission of Farrell to go to their covert and have an interview with Little Chief and Two Moons, but after a brief talk with some of his men, he refused my request."

"The tragedy was at hand. The men had finished eating and were looking to their weapons and hitching their cartridge-belts into position, and a detail had brought up their horses for distribution when, at the head of the coulee and in their centre, I saw a fluttering rag, apparently thrust up out of the ground."

"I lost no seconds in pointing this out to Farrell, who was about to mount his horse."

"They want to talk," I said. "Let them, and I will interpret."

"Farrell scowled fiercely at the pitiful signal, and swept the outlying Sioux with a swift glance of suspicion. Then he turned to me."

"Well," he growled, "holer at 'em if it'll do you any good; but don't give 'em any notion they can get away from what's coming!"

with my Brules whooping 'How! How! How!' after them."

"When the noise had subsided, Two Moons turned to me. 'At any rate, father,' he shouted, earnestly, 'my medicine was good, else I should not have got this fine pony!'"—From the Youth's Companion.

Costly Necklaces.

The most costly necklace in the world belongs to the Countess Henckel, a lady well known in London and Paris society, the value of which is said to be \$250,000. It is really composed of three necklaces, each of historic interest. One was the property of the ex-Queen of Naples, sister of the late Austrian Emperor; the second was once the property of a Spanish grandee; while the third was formerly owned by the Empress Eugenie. Not long ago a necklace composed of 412 pearls, in eight rows, the property of the late Duchess of Montrose, was sold for \$59,100. The Empress Frederick of Germany is said to have possessed a necklace of thirty-two pearls, worth at least \$200,000, while Lady Ilchester's necklace of black pearls is valued at about \$125,000.—Tit-Bits.

Overcharged.

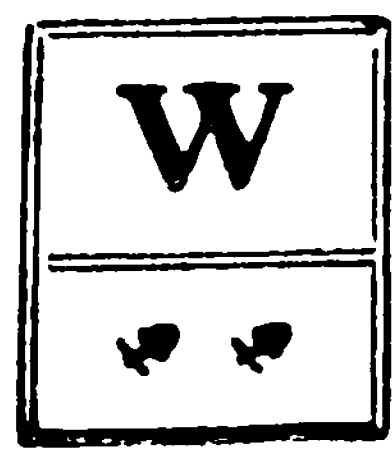
At the Metropolitan Club, of Washington, Justice Harlan had introduced to him a well known New York business man. With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that his income exceeded \$100,000.

"And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, it costs me eighty thousand a year to live."

"Dear me," said Justice Harlan, blandly. "Really, that's too much! I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"—Democratic Telegram.

Advice to a Young Man

By Kate Thorn.



I have just received a letter from a young man in one of our southern cities, and give it verbatim: "Madam: I am a young man of twenty-seven; I am well well educated, and of a good family, but I have no business. How can I earn money? I do not wish to work hard. I want something nice and easy—work for a gentleman. I have thought of authorship—poetry, I prefer—but a friend tells me that publishers, as a class, are very stony-hearted, and find their chief delight in crushing aspiring genius. I want an easy chance, remember. Will you please advise me?"

"Yours, etc.,

Certainly, young man, we will advise you, with pleasure. We are delighted to make your acquaintance, though you are not an original character, by any means. We know a good many like you.

That is what most people are after—an easy chance. But having lived some time in this state of existence, we are enabled to remark, from positive knowledge, that this is a hard world to get an easy living in.

Still, our advice is yours, and welcome. Don't think; don't work; don't try to; don't be a mechanic—all trades are overstocked. Machinery will very soon do away with all necessity for men. Don't be a clergyman; don't be a lawyer; don't be a doctor; it is too hard for a young man of your cloth to get up nights and go tramping ten miles over the country to attend to boils on old women, and rheumatic tantrums in the joints of old men, and internal revolutions in the bowels of colicky babies.

Don't be a mason; you might fall from the top of a chimney, and be lost to your native land.

Don't be a soldier; it is sometimes dangerous, and comfort yourself with the old legend, "It is better to be a live dog than a dead lion."

Don't paint—it soils the fingers; don't be a sculptor—using the chisel would make you sweat. Don't be a drummer—you would have a bag to carry. Don't be a street car conductor—you would be obliged to swear at your motorman. Don't be a farmer—the mosquitoes would eat you up while you lay under the shade of an umbrageous maple waiting for the hay to make.

Don't marry a rich woman for her money, for if she has a grain of common sense you will never see the color of a cent of it, and ten to one she'll make you get up in the morning and make the fire, while she lies abed and reads a popular novel.

Don't be a poet. The demand for poetry has died out, and besides, there are no poets nowadays, and "spring" is a theme well worn out. Poetry worth reading is so scarce now that the public would not recognize the genuine article if they should see it—like June butter, it is out of fashion.

Don't be an author—for, you have been rightly informed, publishers are stony-hearted; adamant and the legendary nether millstone are down compared to them. They would let you write six months, and spend the best blood of your life on the sorrows of some soulful Evangelina and her dark-browed Frederick Augustus, and they would fling the MS. into the waste basket with no more feeling in the operation than they would evince toward a dead friction match.

Young man, it is a hard world. If you had never been born, it would have been money in your pocket. There are no easy places yet discovered.

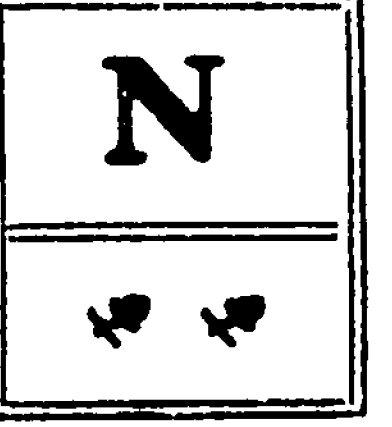
We would advise you to get a quarter's worth of laudanum, swallow it, and go to sleep. It would be as easy as anything you could do, and quite as satisfactory to the community.

No; we don't charge anything for advice.—New York Weekly.

"Things Go Wrong Oftener

FROM EXCESS OF PARTY SPIRIT THAN ERROR OF JUDGMENT."

By James Bryce, British Ambassador.



O one seeing the faults that belong to popular government and the difficulties of bringing it up to the ideal which the theory of democracy sets up need be disheartened, not even by repeated failures. History shows that other forms of government—autocracy and oligarchy—have their faults also, and graver faults. You may find now and then a wise and high-souled despot who will do his best for his subjects, but there is no security, there is not even a probability that he will be succeeded by other despots of like virtue. You may have a prudent and skilful oligarchic government which will extend the power of the nation in the world, but it is certain to govern in the own class interests, not in those of the people at large. This was the fallacy that led even so eminent a writer as the late Sir Henry Maine to do injustice to democracy. He pointed out its faults. He omitted to point out the faults of other governments. All governments have their defects.

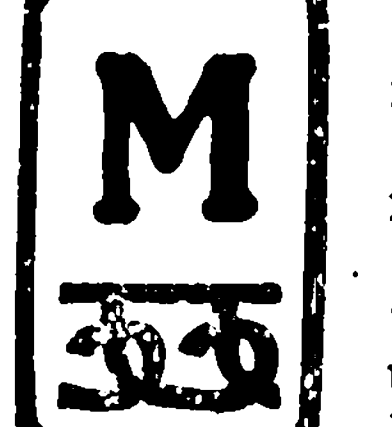
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When things go wrong it is not so often from errors of judgment on the part of the people as it is from an excess of party spirit which has led them to follow blindly an unscrupulous leader, or from an indifference and negligence which has enabled unscrupulous and selfish men to pursue their own advantage at the expense of the public good.

5,000,000

Child Deserters

By Charles F. Warner.



More than twenty million children attended the public schools of the United States during the school year ending in June, 1907. From this vast army there will be at least five million deserters before the roll is called at the beginning of a new school year. Why do so many children leave the public schools before they have completed the elementary stages of the curriculum? Chiefly, I believe, because the schools, generally speaking, do not offer enough of the kind of training which has an evident practical value. Dr. Kingsbury found in her inquiry into the relations of children to the industries for the special report on the subject issued by the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial and Technical Education, in 1906, that many parents, when their children reach the end of the compulsory school period, would gladly make great sacrifices to keep their children in school if they were able to see any direct practical advantage in further school training.

There is something decidedly wrong in a social system which permits large numbers of children to leave school and waste from two to four years of adolescence in unskilled labor for a wage so small that it can claim no consideration in comparison with the loss of opportunity that such children experience, not to speak of the physical, mental, and moral damage that they may suffer.—From "The Charities and the Commons."

POORS AND DRAINS A FRE-QUENT CAUSE OF TYPHOID

Purify These and You Will Be Safe From Contagion—Disinfecting the Only Preventative—Borax, a Simple, Safe and Sure Method.

How to keep our homes clean, sweet and free from germ influences is a question.

While there is no occasion for alarm, it is always well to be forearmed on the theory that "An Ounce of Prevention Is Better Than a Pound of Cure," and no ounce of prevention has yet been discovered that is more simple, more direct and more effective, yet harmless to the human system, than Borax.

Borax has been known and used for generations as a purifier and preventive against epidemic influences originating from uncleanly conditions resulting from unsanitary sinks and drains, and when used as a hot solution in the proportion of two table-spoonfuls to a gallon of hot water flushed through the offending locations, removes every trace of disease germs and renders the pipes clean and wholesome.

Borax in addition to its hygienic qualities, is a household necessity, and can be used for numberless domestic purposes. It softens the water, makes linen dazzling white, will cleanse every article in the kitchen or dining room and make it bright, will prevent moths, soften and whiten the skin, remove dandruff and cleanse the scalp, and for cleansing and sterilizing baby's milk bottle and nipple has no equal.

Borax, unlike every other cleanser and disinfectant, is absolutely harmless to the system, and is safe, simple, economical, and can be purchased at any druggist or grocery. A dainty book in colors, called the "Jingle Book," will be sent free to any Mother sending name and address of her baby, and tops from two one-pound cartons of "20-Mule Team" Borax, with 5c. in stamps. Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., New York.

Moral Effect of Athletics.

Aside from its physical effect, the moral effect of athletics, in the case of the soldier, at least, is of no small value. My experience has been that men are less likely to drink in the football or baseball season, even though they may be addicted to the use of intoxicants. And this though no special effort may have been made along these lines by those in charge of the sports. The class of men who go in for athletics and excel in such contests are the most desirable soldiers and the best all-around men. Still another advantage of athletics is that good athletic teams and the reputation for a post of having champion teams draw good recruits and soldiers to enlist there.—Army and Navy Life.

Hippophagy.

Hippophagy being in low water in these later days, somebody has set himself to show what an exceedingly respectable history attaches to the practice. Among the ancients, especially in China, eating horseflesh was general, and it was only killed in Europe by a papal decree of Gregory III, though why horseflesh should have been interdicted does not appear. It was only the famine caused by Napoleon's invasion that revived the practice in Germany, where it has survived ever since.—London Globe.

Watch for the Blind. A watch for the use of the blind has the hours indicated by movable buttons in relief on the dial. A strong minute hand indicates minutes only. A blind person who passes his hand over the dial finds the button indicating the house depressed.

FOUND A WAY To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and I hardly think there was an organ in his body that was not affected."

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee, and after some discussion he decided to give it up."

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it, and then it was easy to leave off coffee."

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it, too."

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as any one my size, I think."

"Many do not use Postum because they have not taken the trouble to make it right. I have successfully fooled a great many persons who have drunk it at my table. They would remark, 'You must buy a high grade of coffee.' One young man who clerked in a grocery store was very enthusiastic about my 'coffee.' When I told him what it was he said, 'Why, I've sold Postum for four years but I had no idea it was like this. Think I'll drink Postum hereafter.'"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

MAKE A BLUFF.

If there isn't any pleasure
In your journey day by day,
If there's not a thing to grin at
In your journey day by day,
If you've got excuse for kicking
And for stirring up a row,
Don't you do it! Don't you do it!
Just be happy, anyhow.

Just be happy, just be happy;
Take the fiddle and the bow,
Smuggle it against your shoulder,
Lumber up and let her go,
Till the world is full of music
And there's joy in every string,
Till you get all outdoors laughing
And you make the echoes sing.

It's a duty you are owing
To the world to shake your feet,
And to lift your voice in song,
Till the music fills the street;
If the world is dark and gloomy
And you haven't got a friend,
It's your duty to dissemble,
It's your duty to pretend.
If you meet the world a-grin-ning,
Then the world will grin at you;
You can laugh the clouds to flinders,
Till the blue sky glimmers through;
If you just pretend you're happy,
With your whole heart in the bluff,
Then, almost before you know it,
You'll be happy, sure enough.
—Houston Post.

The Quest of Two Moons.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

"Yes, he's an effective member of the police force," said my friend, the Indian agent. He was speaking of a tall young Sioux in uniform, who had just handed in a message and stepped out of his office.

"Two Moons was an odd boy," he mused, "a dreamer, and imaginative to an uncommon degree. He was about thirteen, I reckon, when he came near to bringing on war out here, and by a curious incident as trivial in nature as many which have been responsible for bitter reprisals on our frontiers. This was the way of it:

"Two Moons was wading in the shallows of Antelope Creek one day, and found an old horseshoe. He took this to his brother, Little Chief, who was a helper in our blacksmith's shop, and the brother told him carelessly of an old tradition which said that any one finding an 'iron hoof' in a river, with the toe pointing up or down, should ride to the end of the stream, where he would find a fine herd of horses which would follow him home. The finder of the shoe was to go secretly, saying nothing to any one.

"Two Moons swallowed the story, and kept down his excitement until his mother slept that night. His father was away somewhere, and the lad took his gun and cartridge-belt, some bacon, which had recently been issued, secured a pony and stole away. He was certain that the toe of the iron hoof had pointed up the creek, so up the creek he went.

On such an errand, the day-dreamer was bound to strike trouble sooner or later, and Two Moons struck it soon. He crossed the line of the reservation some time in the night, and had ridden fifteen or twenty miles on the cattle range when he came upon a bunch of horses, young stock, feeding on the bottom-lands. Looking beyond, he saw that the creek was apparently cut off by hills; so feeling a 'heap good,' he rode out to the horses. The animals showed no sign of wishing to follow him, and Two Moons, concluding that something was wrong with the 'medicine' somewhere, drove the bunch off down the valley.

"It was now morning, and Two Moons, dreaming of the excitement which his arrival at the agency would create, forgot even to eat his bacon. He had jogged on for two or three hours when, in turning a bend, he looked behind, to see a number of horsemen riding hard on his trail.

"He had the real Indian's instinct, in spite of his mooning, and he knew at a glance that there were white riders after him. He had made a dreadful mistake in driving these horses, after they had refused to follow him. They were the white men's stock!

"He knew what would happen to him should he be caught, and he put the quirt to his pony, as much alive and alert as he had been dazed and dreaming. He rode a good pony, which had done nothing but graze all summer, and for a time he kept his lead. He had nearly reached the reservation line when his horse began to give out. His pursuers were swiftly gaining, when, in dashing over a rise, he came face to face with his brother.

"Two Moons' absence had been discovered early in the morning, and Little Chief, guessing the cause, had taken the trail, and was riding hard after him. The brothers' horses both were well blown, and, there being no need of words, the elder wheeled and led the way into a coulee which he had crossed a little time before. At the head of this ravine the two turned their ponies loose and took to cover, where they had perfect command of every approach without exposing themselves.

"Well, the cow-men came up, and warned by a couple of shots, grasped the situation. There were five of them, and they posted four, so as to hold the Indians. Then the fifth rode away after help.

"It was about this time, I reckon, that Two Moons' father came in from his visiting; and he posted after his sons, to come back in the afternoon and report their situation to me. Much disquieted, I cautioned the father to say nothing to any one else, but to get a fresh pony at once, and guide me to the besieged.

"ed not of its truth, smacked of improbability. They declared that they would 'get those thieving Sioux,' if they had to starve them out! Had they been within the reservation limits, I might have made my authority felt, but they were well outside my jurisdiction; and I saw that neither threat nor persuasion could avail.

"After some talk I went back to where I had posted Chaska—Two Moons' father—only to find that he was gone. I knew then that, in spite of my injunction, he had passed the word of his boys' plight out over the agency. The cow-men must back down in the end, or fight my Brules.

"The wretched prospect of another Indian uprising was staring me in the face, and I had not even communication by wire with the outside world. I went back to the cow-men, to be a witness against them and for my Indians in the last extremity.

"Had the night been dark, I should have had hope that Little Chief and Two Moons might crawl through the lines or make a dash and get away; but there was a brilliant full moon, and a man could be seen quite plainly at 200 yards. The cowboys stood, or grimly sat, at intervals of fifty yards, and a rabbit could not have passed their line without discovery.

"Farrell was not at all pleased to see me when I bivouacked at his stand. He was offish in conversation, not exactly rude, but with a tone which said, 'You may camp here, it's a free range—too free for interference of any sort!'

"By midnight other cow-men began to arrive, and by daylight there were twenty-five or thirty at hand. Evidently these men expected a sortie by the agency Sioux, and were prepared to fight. Losses from stock 'rustling' of late had exasperated the whole district of the Antelope. Each man of these besiegers carried a magazine gun and two revolvers, and was belted with metallic cartridges, so that, in the distance, he appeared to be uninformed in copper plate.

"I knew that, if not interfered with, they would rush my Indians

"I raised my voice and shouted to Little Chief to know what he had to say.

"Two Moons will surrender! was his answer. 'He will go out to those men now. I have never taken their horses, and I did not counsel my brother to do so!'

"The boy who ran off your horses by mistake will come out to you now," I interpreted, turning to Farrell and the nearer men. 'He will come unarmed. The other man, his brother, was in no way to blame, save in telling the boy an old tradition of finding a horseshoe. If you punish Little Chief, you should punish also all these others who have come out to defend the boy.'

"Sounds reasonable," Farrell reluctantly admitted. 'Well, tell the thief to come out.' Then word was passed along the line.

"I signaled the brothers that Two Moons should come on. There was no hesitation. The slim, half-naked boy suddenly appeared upon the level. He came toward us, walking very straight and steadily, and to his doom, as I verily believed.

"The lad was stripped to the leggings, and his hair, freshly braided and greased, hung in two strings down his breast. In all his bearing there was the high spirit of self-sacrifice, of making atonement. As he drew near, I found myself biting my lips and my vision getting misty with the pity of it. He came direct to me.

"My father," he said, 'I alone am to blame for what has happened. I wish to give my body to these men that my people may not suffer.'

"A dozen or more cowboys had gathered about their leader as I interpreted. As I spoke, Two Moons, with flushed face, showing a pleading eagerness that his sacrifice should be accepted, went forward a little to face them.

"Before I had finished speaking a thrill went through me. The atmosphere of hostility had melted as clouds vanish after a June shower. The brave spirit and truthful face of the boy had won what neither argument nor force could have accomplished.

"There were some seconds of silence; then one of the men raised the tension.

"Shucks!" he said, and turning his back on the scene, walked off. Everybody laughed, and Farrell flung his hat at the boy's feet.

"You little sap-sucker," he said, 'you've mighty nigh raised a lot of mischief, but you've shore made good for the sand! Bill,' he said to one of his men, 'bring up that gray pony o' mine and give it to this high red. We've got to remove him from temptation.'

"Amid laughter and the gathering of the clan, white and red, the gray pony was brought, and Two Moons, the most amazed and delighted little Indian on earth, I reckon, was lifted upon the back of a fine cow-horse, and made to understand that it was his. Then the cowboys rode away,

As It Striketh the Philosopher.

By H. J. THIEDE.

1. Keep your conscience tender.
2. Be not weary in well doing.
3. To-day's frugality is to-morrow's felicity.
4. Salvation is an accomplishment through the selection of the best ends of life. Degradation is a consequence of the cultivation of the worst ends of life.
5. Better go supperless to bed than to rise in debt.
6. Man should pay more attention to the chips on his lathe than those on the street.
7. Every dollar put by to-day comes as a gift to you to-morrow.
8. One whose falsehoods no longer deceive has forfeited the right to speak the truth.
9. Mediocrity can talk, but it is for genius to observe.
10. Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.
11. Character building is a consequence of constant training and development.
12. Man is like a cracked bell that does not ring because of the grating of the two broken surfaces on each other, but if these could be trimmed off by means of a saw or file, it would remedy the defect.

and end the business as soon as they had coffee and a bite to eat. While a detail was passing coffee and hard biscuit along the line, my Sioux put in an appearance. To the number of fifty odd these filed out of a coulee, in a glitter of oiled guns and copper shells, and took position, sitting their horses, like a group of bronze and armored statues, at 600 or 700 yards. They were the pick of my agency, armed, doubtless, with all the guns and cartridges that could be collected on Antelope Reservation.

"The cow-men paid this formidable party no apparent heed, but proceeded calmly with the bread and coffee. Yet I knew that a fight was imminent, and without providential interference could not be delayed beyond a few minutes. I begged permission of Farrell to go to their covert and have an interview with Little Chief and Two Moons, but after a brief talk with some of his men, he refused my request.

"The tragedy was at hand. The men had finished eating and were looking to their weapons and hitching their cartridge-belts into position, and a detail had brought up their horses for distribution when, at the head of the coulee and in their centre, I saw a fluttering rag, apparently thrust up out of the ground.

"I lost no seconds in pointing this out to Farrell, who was about to mount his horse.

"They want to talk," I said. 'Let them, and I will interpret.'

"Farrell scowled fiercely at the pitiful signal, and swept the outlying Sioux with a swift glance of suspicion. Then he turned to me.

"Well, he growled, 'holer at 'em if it'll do you any good; but don't give 'em any notion they can get away from what's coming!'

with my Brules whooping 'How! How! How!' after them.

"When the noise had subsided, Two Moons turned to me. 'At any rate, father,' he shouted, earnestly, 'my medicine was good, else I should not have got this fine pony!'

"—From the Youth's Companion.

Costly Necklaces.

The most costly necklace in the world belongs to the Countess Henckel, a lady well known in London and Paris society, the value of which is said to be \$250,000. It is really composed of three necklaces, each of historic interest. One was the property of the ex-Queen of Naples, sister of the late Austrian Empress; the second was once the property of a Spanish grandee; while the third was formerly owned by the Empress Eugenie. Not long ago a necklace composed of 413 pearls, in eight rows, the property of the late Duchess of Montrose, was sold for \$59,100. The Empress Frederick of Germany is said to have possessed a necklace of thirty-two pearls, worth at least \$200,000, while Lady Ilchester's necklace of black pearls is valued at about \$135,000.—Tit-Bits.

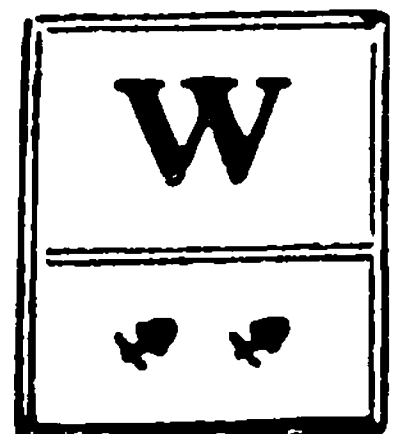
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"Madam: I am a young man of twenty-seven; I am well educated, and of a good family, but I have no business. How can I earn money? I do not wish to work hard. I want something nice and easy—work for a gentleman. I have thought of authorship—poetry, I prefer—but a friend tells me that publishers, as a class, are very stony-hearted, and find their chief delight in crushing aspiring genius. I want an easy chance, remember. Will you please advise me?"

Certainly, young man, we will advise you, with pleasure. We are delighted to make your acquaintance, though you are not an original character, by any means. We know a good many like you.

That is what most people are after—an easy chance. But having lived some time in this state of existence, we are enabled to remark, from positive knowledge, that this is a hard world to get an easy living in.

Still, our advice is yours, and welcome. Don't think; don't work; don't try to; don't be a mechanic—all trades are overstocked. Machinery will very soon do away with all necessity for men. Don't be a clergyman; don't be a lawyer; don't be a doctor; it is too hard for a young man of your cloth to get up nights and go tramping ten miles over the country to attend to boils on old women, and rheumatic tantrums in the joints of old men, and internal revolutions in the bowels of colicky babies.

Don't be a mason; you might fall from the top of a chimney, and be lost to your native land.

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Don't paint—it soils the fingers; don't be a sculptor—using the chisel would make you sweat. Don't be a drummer—you would have a bag to carry. Don't be a street car conductor—you would be obliged to swear at your motorman. Don't be a farmer—the mosquitoes would eat you up while you lay under the shade of an umbrageous maple waiting for the hay to make.

Don't marry a rich woman for her money, for if she has a grain of common sense you will never see the color of a cent of it, and ten to one she'll make you get up in the morning and make the fire, while she lies abed and reads a popular novel.

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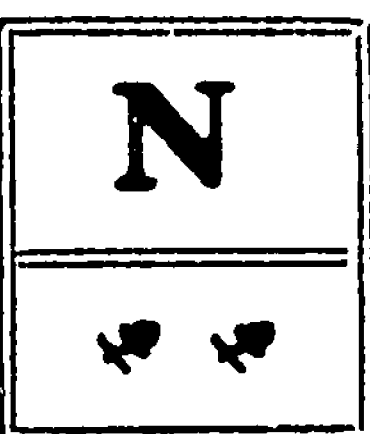
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5,000,000 Child Deserters

By Charles F. Warner.



ORE than twenty million children attended the public schools of the United States during the school year ending in June, 1907. From this vast army there will be at least five million deserters before the roll is called at the beginning of a new school year. Why do so many children leave the public schools before they have completed the elementary stages of the curriculum? Chiefly, I believe, because the schools, generally speaking, do not offer enough of the kind of training which has an evident practical value. Dr. Kingsbury found in her inquiry into the relations of children to the industries for the special report on the subject issued by the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial and Technical Education, in 1906, that many parents, when their children reach the end of the compulsory school period, would gladly make great sacrifices to keep their children in school if they were able to see any direct practical advantage in further school training.

There is something decidedly wrong in a social system which permits large numbers of children to leave school and waste from two to four years of adolescence in unskilled labor for a wage so small that it can claim no consideration in comparison with the loss of opportunity that such children experience, not to speak of the physical, mental, and moral damage that they may suffer.—From "The Charities and the Commons."

WORKS AND DRAINS A FREQUENT CAUSE OF TYPHOID

Purify These and You Will Be Safe From Contagion—Disinfecting the Only Preventative—Borax, a Simple, Safe and Sure Method.

How to keep our homes clean, sweet and free from germ influences is a question.

While there is no occasion for alarm, it is always well to be forearmed on the theory that "An Ounce of Prevention Is Better Than a Pound of Cure," and no ounce of prevention has yet been discovered that is more simple, more direct and more effective, yet harmless to the human system, than Borax.

Borax has been known and used for generations as a purifier and preventive against epidemic influences originating from uncleanly conditions resulting from unsanitary sinks and drains, and when used as a hot solution in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of hot water flushed through the offending locations, removes every trace of disease germs and renders the pipes clean and wholesome.

Borax in addition to its hygienic qualities, is a household necessity, and can be used for numberless domestic purposes. It softens the water, makes linen dazzling white, will cleanse every article in the kitchen or dining room and make it bright, will prevent moths, soften and whiten the skin, remove dandruff and cleanse the scalp, and for cleansing and sterilizing baby's milk bottle and nipple has no equal.

Borax, unlike every other cleanser and disinfectant, is absolutely harmless to the system, and is safe, simple, economical, and can be purchased at any druggist or grocery. A dainty book in colors, called the "Jingle Book," will be sent free to any Mother sending name and address of her baby and tops from two one-pound cartons of "20-Mule Team" Borax, with 5c. in stamps. Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., New York.

Moral Effect of Athletics.

Aside from its physical effect, the moral effect of athletics, in the case of the soldier, at least, is of no small value. My experience has been that men are less likely to drink in the football or baseball season, even though they may be addicted to the use of intoxicants. And this though no special effort may have been made along these lines by those in charge of the sports. The class of men who go in for athletics and excel in such contests are the most desirable soldiers and the best all-around men. Still another advantage of athletics is that good athletic teams and the reputation for a post of having champion teams draw good recruits and soldiers to enlist there.—Army and Navy Life.

Hippophagy.

Hippophagy being in low water in these later days, somebody has set himself to show what an exceedingly respectable history attaches to the practice. Among the ancients, especially in China, eating horseflesh was general, and it was only killed in Europe by a papal decree of Gregory III, though why horseflesh should have been interdicted does not appear. It was only the famine caused by Napoleon's invasion that revived the practice in Germany, where it has survived ever since.—London Globe.

Watch for the Blind.

A watch for the use of the blind has the hours indicated by movable buttons in relief on the dial. A strong minute hand indicates minutes only. A blind person who passes his hand over the dial finds the button indicating the house depressed.

FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and I hardly think there was an organ in his body that was not affected.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee, and after some discussion he decided to give it up.

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it, and then it was easy to leave off coffee.

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it, too.

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as any one my size, I think.

"Many do not use Postum because they have not taken the trouble to make it right. I have successfully fooled a great many persons who have drunk it at my table. They would remark, 'You must buy a high grade of coffee.' One young man who clerked in a grocery store was very enthusiastic about my 'coffee.' When I told him what it was he said, 'Why, I've sold Postum for four years but I had no idea it was like this. Think I'll drink Postum hereafter.'

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-Being," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

'SPECIALLY JIM.'
I was mighty good lookin' when I was young.
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellows a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Specially Jim.
The likeliest one of 'em all was he, Chipper, an' hansom' an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Specially Jim.
I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men, An' I wouldn't take stock in him! But they kep' a comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Specially Jim!
I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun' (Specially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down An' take up with him,
So we was married on Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to get rid o' 'em all,
'Specially Jim.
—The Century.

JONES THE TRAVELER

By Wilfred H. Auburn.
I had met Jones before. In fact, meeting him had become a sort of habit. The first time I saw him he was hanging by his feet, an apoplectic, squirming mass, on the facade of Blarney Castle, kissing the stone of eloquence. My camera caught him in the act. "Gad!" he spluttered, when I told him that his feat was immortalized. "Is my face in it? Send me one, will you? That'll prove to the folks back in Zanesville that I did it."
I had run across him again in London, where all ways meet. I was sauntering around the Whitechapel ghetto, and through the window of an alley tavern I noticed two men drinking stout. One was a "bobby" in uniform. His eyes were bleared and his face purple. The profile of the other looked familiar. I walked in, and behold—Jones. The policeman, startled by my intrusion, brought himself together and wobbled out. Jones turned to me with a look of vast reproach:
"Glad to see you again, old man, but—why couldn't you stay away a little longer? I'd have had it in half an hour more."
"Had what?"
"Why, his club, Lord, what a souvenir that would have made!"
Our ways had parted again for a while. I was riding a wheel over the crest of the Black Forest, near Titisee, pumping slowly to the top of the long, white road. A pine cone struck my handle-bar. Another knocked my hat off, and I looked up. An aerial voice emitted a Tyrolean halloo with much uncton, and I saw a swaying speck silhouetted against a cloud. My instinct told me it was Jones.
"Hey, old man!" he yelled, trumpeting through his hand, "take my picture—quick—you're just in time—can't hold on much longer—camera's at foot of the tree—lost it half way up!"
His camera was smashed, so I used my own. "Were you expecting me?" I asked, when he shinned down, with barked hands and frayed trousers.
"No, not exactly. Look here—biggest pine cone in Germany, from the tallest tree on top of the highest hill in the Schwarzwald. There's something worth while!"
I admitted it, and we stood surveying the panorama of mountain peaks, and deep-cut gorges full of the sound of falling water.
"Lovely!" I murmured.
"What?—Oh, yes, I s'pose it is. But say—I wonder if I couldn't find a bigger cone somewhere in these parts. Let's move on."
Then I ran across him in Melring—after it had happened. In the cool of the evening I found him, a swathed form on crutches, motionless in the middle of the main street, staring up at the mountains to the south.
"So it is all over, Jones? And you have survived. Come and tell me about it."
He lowered his gaze from the mountains and turned to me with a look of hopeless sorrow.
"You don't believe I'd be about it, do you?" he asked.
"Certainly not."
I followed him to a table near by, and while we sipped he told me his story, thus:
"Maybe I'd never have tried it—the trip across the Scheldt—had I'd known what I was up against. Easy enough, with a good pointed 'stock'. But with a bicycle."
"You don't mean to say you crossed that pass with a bicycle?"
"With it, on it, and under it!" he declared. "I wanted to do it—for the experience, you know. I guess no cyclist ever did it before. And that footpath was the shortest way from Grindewald to Melring."
"Ah, I groan yet when I think of that path. I started up, shovin' the old bike, slidin' on the bowlders and stickin' in the mud, and pluggin' up and up, and stoppin' for breath, and then up again, blowin' and steamin' and groanin', and always lookin' for the top. Every once in

a while I'd see it, up under the clouds, and then when I got there it wouldn't be the top at all. After a while I got above the clouds.
"Then the wind turned, and a blast right out o' the ice-factory struck me, and snowflakes, hard like hailstones, beat up my face and hands. But at last I reached the top. I knew it was the top, because the clouds swung off to the left, and hung over the Faulhorn like washing on a line.
"Well, it was worse goin' down. And there was more of it. I slid and rolled and tumbled, and doubled up the bike and dragged it, and plunged down and down and down. After a while it got dark. No moon, no stars. Nothing but clouds and gray mountain above, and dark trees below, and black gorges, and roarin' floods, and the rocky footpath crawlin' down among 'em.
"At last I found myself on a smooth, solid highway. It was glorious coastin'—the road doublin' up sharp on the edge of the cliffs and wrigglin' away in the blackness, just a faint, gray line. But hair-raisin'! No fences—rock wall on one side, and jumpin'-off places on the other. After I caught myself two or three times on the edge of a precipice, I got off and walked again. My eyes had begun to see roads in the air.
"Then the rain came on—a deluge. I crawled into a hole alongside the road and stayed there for an hour or two. Then it stopped rainin', and I moved on, scratchin' with my heel to feel whether I was on the road.
"But at last the lights on Melring sparkled up through the pines. I could see better now, and jumped on my bike, and slid down that old mountain-side regardless. Then that hub-brake got red-hot—it always does goin' down mountain sides—and there was the cause of my catastrophe.
"When a hub-brake gets hot you've got to pour water on it. I saw that cold, white column streakin' down from the tail of the Rosenlauf glacier, reachin' up out of sight and down out of sight—straight as the rain-pipe from the roof of a house where good sensible people live and are happy without traveling.
"I never thought of the force of that water. Just stopped with a jerk at the inside of the road, where an iron grating hung over the chute, and swung the bike over so the ice water would hit the hub.
"The water hit it all right. Grabbed the bike, and bent it double, and chucked it through the hole inside the grating—and me with it!
"It happened so quick, you see, I couldn't let loose. I remember bein' snatched and crammed through a hole, and then droppin' down—down—and sort o' wonderin' how long it would take that ice water to reach the boilin' point when we struck Hades.
"Well—I didn't land in Hades. I woke up in—the top of a tree! You needn't laugh. It wasn't funny! The top of a tree 'way down at the foot of the mountain—me hangin' limp and numb above the branches, kind o' wonderin' what had happened, and whether I was alive. After a while I noticed little stars twinklin' through the boughs up above, then a bunch of lights off to the left—and it dawned on me that there was a place called Melring.
"I rubbed some of the deadness out o' me, and felt myself all over. Then a few more clouds drifted off my brain, and I realized that cold spray was dashin' over me, and there at my feet was a white, roarin' basin, where that solid water column had chewed a hole in the granite and was hammerin' away like it wanted to bore clear to hell.
"I saw then what had happened to me. I'd slid down that toboggan slide like a wet spider, and instead o' bein' mashed on the rocks, I'd simply been ducked and tossed up into a handy tree.
"Then all at once a chill struck me that wasn't the chill of the water. It made me crazy, I guess, and I turned and ran—anywhere to get away from that horrible roar. I stumbled over bowlders, and thrashed through bushes, and scrambled and leaped and rolled. And so at last, somehow, I reached the town. And they dried me, and doped me, and mended me—and here I am."
"Jones," I exclaimed, "your adventure is the crowning glory of your trip. A man might travel and look for trouble for nine lives, and not have such an experience. Think of the story you've got to tell your friends back in Zanesville!"
He looked at me with the sorrow deepening around his eyes, and said brokenly:
"The crowning misfortune! There's a limit to all things. It's God's own truth—and they won't believe it!"
—The Outing Magazine.

Giant Turtle Tows a Boat.
Capt. Percy Pells, "Hen" Hartman and "Pat" Gecks, three City Island salts, went fishing yesterday in Pelham Bay, off Beldow's Point. First thing he knew Capt. Pells' blackfish hook was taken in tow by a gigantic turtle. The monster towed the three men and their rowboat a mile. Then they got a gaff hook into him and brought him to the surface, and he reached out a flipper and capsized boat and all.
The old salts managed to climb up on the bottom of the overturned boat with the turtle still on the line. They fought him three hours with only an oar for a weapon. Finally the turtle died and was towed ashore. He weighed 267 pounds.—New York American.

HANDWRITING OF AUTHORS.
Dickens' Blue Ink and Paper—Byron's Copy and Erasures.
An interesting study is the handwriting of authors, as it indicates to a greater or less degree their personal temperaments.
Longfellow wrote a bold, open backhand, which was the delight of printers, says the Scientific American. Joaquin Miller writes such a bad hand that he often becomes puzzled over his own work, and the printer sings the praises of the inventor of the typewriter.
Charlotte Bronte's writing seemed to have been traced with cambric needle, and Thackeray's writing while marvelously neat and precise, was so small that the best of eyes were needed to read it. Likewise the writing of Captain Marryat was so microscopic that when he was interrupted in his labors he was obliged to mark the place where he left off by sticking a pin in the paper.
Napoleon's was worse than illegible, and it is said that his letters from Germany to the Empress Josephine were at first thought to be rough maps of the seat of war.
Carlyle wrote a patient, crabbed and oddly emphasized hand. The penmanship of Bryant was aggressive, well formed and decidedly pleasing to the eye; while the chirography of Scott, Hunt, Moore and Gray was smooth and easy to read but did not express distinct individuality.
Byron's handwriting was nothing more than a scrawl. His additions to proofs frequently exceeded in volume the original copy, and in one of his poems, which contained in the original only four hundred lines, one thousand were added in the proofs.
The writing of Dickens was minute, and he had a habit of writing with blue ink on blue paper. Frequent erasures and interlineations made his copy a burden to his publishers.
Preparing Silk for Surgery.
Nearly all the materials used by a surgeon in sewing up wounds are open to some objection. In a medical weekly printed in Munich, several methods of treating silk are described. They have been recommended by an investigator named Wederlake. First he extracts any oil or fat which may be in the thread by soaking in ether, then he sterilizes it by boiling in bichloride of mercury, next he treats it to a process which deposits silver in the fibre, and finally he coats it with a solution of indiarubber. That particular product, he thinks, could not undergo change from the absorption of fluids or become infected. Another of his plans is to soak the thread for between twenty seconds and four minutes in sulphuric acid and, after free washing with water, to remove the moisture with alcohol. The silk is then subjected to a hardening process by means of tannin and absolute alcohol. This silk is said to be as strong as untreated silk and is rendered flexible by treatment with glycerine. It can be sterilized by boiling in bichloride solution, and when buried in the tissues it completely disappears at the expiration of from four to six weeks.
An Intermittent Watch.
"My watch played me a curious trick the other day," said an official of the War Department. "When I arose in the morning I looked at the watch to see what time it was and discovered that it had stopped during the night. It was wound up all right and I tried several times to make it go, but to no effect. It would run for two or three seconds and then stop. I then concluded that it was hopelessly out of order and required the services of an expert. Thereupon I started on a brisk walk for the shop of the jeweller who does all that sort of work for me. After I had walked about two squares force of habit caused me to take out the watch to see the time. To my great surprise it was running and had only to be adjusted to the right time to be as good as new. By personal experience I knew that the pain of an aching tooth would disappear by the time I got to the door of the dentist to have it operated on, but this was my first experience of a similar kind with a watch or any other inanimate object."
—Washington Star.
Nelson's Signalmann.
It was in the winter of 1846 that Nelson's signalmann—the man who hoisted the famous "England expects," etc.—was discovered by one who had served as surgeon on board the Tonnant at Trafalgar. The signalmann, John Rooome, was selling watercress and red herrings in Blackfriars. He had deserted from the navy, after the battle, and this had disqualified him for a pension, but representations were made to Capt. Pasco, signal Lieutenant on the Victory at Trafalgar, who used his influence on the old man's behalf. Capt. Pasco was at first unsuccessful; he was informed by the authorities that there were many more deserving candidates for Greenwich. Shortly afterward, however, room was found at Greenwich Hospital for old John. Had he lived in our time he would probably have received a princely salary for repeating the signal nightly at music halls.—London Chronicle.
Iceland Wonders.
People who live in vast and barren lands have the best eyesight. Eskimos will detect a white fox on the snow at a great distance, while Arabs can pick out objects on the desert that are invisible to others.—Springfield Republican.

When Credit Becomes a Loan.
Every merchant who sells on credit is a partner with the buyer to the extent of his sale during the period elapsing until payment is made, and as such has a right to know the financial condition of his debtor. This sense of partnership is rarely recognized by either party to the sale. Every man should regard a time sale as a money loan. He would not care to ask his jobber for the loan on an account of money equal to the value of the goods he buys on time. But he does the equivalent of that when he asks the jobber to extend his credit beyond the time for payments set by the terms agreed upon. If the buyer were to go to his bank and borrow the money necessary to pay for the goods on the same time, he would not only have to pay the legal rate of interest, but a premium besides, and if he did not meet the obligation on its maturity would have to satisfy the bank that the account was good and collectable and, of course, pay the interest for the extended time. Does the salesman realize when he is closing a sale with a customer that he is virtually lending that customer a sum of money equal to the value of the goods for the period that shall elapse before payment is made? And does the buyer realize that in asking for credit, he is only for ten days, he is asking the seller the favor of a cash loan? A realization of this actual relationship between buyer and seller would lead to greater self-respect and firmness on the part of the seller, and what is more important, fewer losses; while there is many a buyer whose attitude toward the seller would be vastly improved by a recognition of this homely truth, and who would steer his course clear of many a dangerous financial rock thereby.—Credit Men's Bulletin.
WOMEN IN REAL ESTATE.
Some of Them Making a Success in California.
A woman real estate agent in Los Angeles, recently made the largest land sale, so far as price was concerned, ever made by a woman in that part of the country.
According to the Housekeeper the deal was for nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The woman agent has been in the business only about two years, but is making a success of it.
"I have many women clients," she said, "and have no trouble with them. I find that, as a rule, they come right to the point and transact business more quickly than many of the men do."
The lack of practical knowledge, the ability to close a deal, is the fault that presents itself most glaringly in woman. She can demonstrate and convince, but cannot execute a deed or draw a contract for her own protection. But she is an apt pupil, and only needs to be shown a few times, after which she can do without a lawyer.
"She always overestimates details and spends time on trifles, allowing the main issue to lose force by delay. Women usually enter into deals with enthusiasm but, in the words of 'the street,' they are 'quitters.'"
"They cannot endure weeks and months of inaction, and waiting for the 'right time,' but become discouraged. The 'stayers' reach the goal."
Squirrel and Snake Fight.
The story of a battle between a squirrel and a large black snake is reported by a prominent farmer who lives north of Carrollton. Mr. Withers has some pet squirrels on his farm, and a few days ago when he went to feed them he noticed a commotion going on in the squirrels' nest. In a few moments a red squirrel emerged from the hole in the tree, dragging a blacksnake. Both were fighting desperately. The snake was at a disadvantage, however, for the squirrel had a strange hold behind the snake's head and shook his unwieldy antagonist much as a dog would a rat. The snake endeavored to encircle the little squirrel with its coils, but could not do so, and presently both the snake and squirrel fell to the ground, the squirrel still retaining his hold on the snake. The farmer stepped up and the squirrel released his hold and scampered back up the tree. The snake, which measured nearly six feet in length, was nearly dead, and was dispatched at once.—Kansas City Journal.
Traveling Auto Repair Shop.
A new vocation has sprung up on some of the large country roads leading out of town. It is that of the itinerant repairer of automobiles. Its first exponent was seen on the Old York road, near Jenkintown, where, with his whole equipment in a bag, he walked along the highway bearing a sign "Autos Repaired." The man is a clever machinist, who has made a special study of automobiles, and whose services are at the command of any motorist who needs them—as many automobile owners who drive their own machines are likely to do. In the case of a breakdown he is apt soon to be along, for things have prospered with him and he now travels and carries his tools in a striped runabout, which shows evidences that it is out for business. In effect he is a traveling automobile repair shop, and as such occupies about the same relation to the average automobile as the repair ships of the navy do to the ships of the line.—Philadelphia Record.
Paris has seven free eating houses for poor mothers.

FRENCH PEASANTS POOR COOKS.
Know Nothing of Cooking as a Fine Art—Fasts and Feasts.
We are accustomed to think of cooking as being a universal art among the French. We seem to have heard vaguely of delicious repasts concocted out of nothing with the help of a charcoal fire and a small pot.
Certainly among the bourgeoisie that miracle seems sometimes to accomplish itself, but in the matter of cookery as a fine art, writes a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, the peasant belongs to a different world. He knows very little about it and does not wish to know, because it is regarded as a costly and necessary luxury. His breakfast consists of thin soup made of beans and water, with perhaps a taste of bacon for flavoring, and thin slices of brown bread to give it substance. Potatoes and one other dish—frequently a coarse sort of pancake—form the noonday meal. The supper will be more sustaining, with thin wine or cider as a beverage.
Jacques Bonhomme has a perfect genius for discovering things which are good for food, which yet cost nothing, and sometimes he eats things that seem revolting to us, though I am quite willing to admit that clean or unclean, in the matter of food, is largely a question of inherited prejudice. He is very fond of snuff, and so, for that matter, are the priests. I have often seen them take it even in church.
Normandy is a rich province, and its peasants are better fed than those of other parts of the country. There is a tradition that in olden days meat was so cheap and plentiful that it was used to feed the pigs at the monasteries. They drink a great deal of cider, especially in the "pays de Caux," and it is said that this is the explanation of their bad teeth. The dress of the peasant women in this part of Normandy is extremely picturesque, with the long frilled cloak and the hood which sometimes reveals a pretty, pliant face.
As a contrast to the general frugality of the peasants' lives, there are the wedding feasts and other festivities, when they eat enormously, apparently having the power of laying in a stock against times of comparative fasting.
CAOUTCHOUC IN CUBA.
Trees Which Require No Cultivation and Yield When Five Years Old.
In describing the cultivation of a hardy variety of rubber tree in Cuba, a writer in the National Magazine of Cuba says that it is advisable to plant the small trees about six metres apart. In this way, at the age of 15 or 20 years the trees having reached a height of say thirty feet, do not interfere with minor cultivations.
While the trees are reaching maturity, the grower can raise beans, kidney beans, nuts or cassavas, malanga, cotton and maize. The pineapple will make profitable interplanted crop.
The caoutchouc requires no cultivation, the grass and the vegetation assisting the young plant, and when older the shade eliminates all useless grasses and herbs. The tree can be tapped at the fifth year, but more satisfactory results will be attained by waiting until the sixth year, and then, instead of abstracting two or three pounds of juice, it is prudent to take no more than one to one and a half pounds, according to the development of the tree an average of one and a half pounds would be very reasonable. If methodically handled, the rubber tree is extremely long lived, and from eighth to tenth years the tree will produce about six pounds annually, and still remain in condition to give service many years to come.
Words and Stones.
Some years ago George Meredith had a house built for himself which was rather small, although extremely comfortable. One day a lady visited him, and with great pride he showed her over the place. After their tour of inspection the visitor turned to her host and with a disappointed expression said: "In your books you describe huge castles and baronial halls but when you come to build you put up a little house like this. Why is it?" "Well," replied the author, with a twinkle in his eye, "the reason is because words are cheaper than stones."—M. A. P.
Fish Do Not Hear.
Much controversy has taken place on the question of sense of hearing in fish, and many experiments have been tried with a view of settling it. Some of the latest of these are those of which M. Marage has given an account in the Paris Comptes Rendus. The fish experimented with were carp, tench, pike, eel and others, and the author finds no evidence of a sense of hearing. Sounds were transmitted into the water close to the fish with an energy capable of affecting deaf mutes. No effect was produced on the fish.
Dangerous Sense of Humor.
George G. Morton, a machinist residing on Russell street, has many sore ribs, and all because he laughed too heartily. He was thoroughly enjoying a joke played on a comrade with garden hose, and as he watched the sport from a window he laughed with great gusto, so much so that he was seized with pains and had to be helped to a seat. A medical man was called and found that he had fractured a rib and had torn away part of the lining about another rib.—Bermuda Royal Gazette.

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Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.
CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR
House newly refitted and refurbished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.
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GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office on second floor of Star and Sentinel Building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.
PROMINENT PEOPLE.
District Attorney Jerome announces that he is tired of public life.
Admiral Dewey celebrated his seventieth birthday, naval officers repeating the President's toast in his honor.
Andrew Carnegie has added the sum of \$2,000,000 to the \$10,000,000 endowment fund of the Carnegie Institution.
Signor Gianturco, Minister of Public Works, is dead in Rome. He is the fifth colleague whom Primo Minister Giolitti has lost through death or illness.
Alfred G. Vanderbilt gave \$100,000 to the Y. M. C. A. of Newport, R. I., to erect a new building as a memorial to his father, Cornelius Vanderbilt.
General T. S. Harrison, Consul-General at Cairo, Egypt, during McKinley's administration, was sued for \$10,000 by T. B. Whitmarsh, mechanical engineer.
Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, and former Comptroller of the Currency, will quit banking and finance to become a composer of music.
Professor Edward W. Morley, of Hartford, has received notice from Sir Rayleigh, president of the Royal Society of London, that he has been awarded the Royal Medal for his services to science.
Thomas W. Lawson, who visited the White House, announced that he was forming a party to force a third term on President Roosevelt, with Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, as his running mate.
Colonel John Jacob Astor has just spent \$250,000 for a private clubhouse on his Hudson river estate, where his guests may play tennis as well protected from the weather as they are in the indoor courts of the racket club in New York.
POLITICAL POT A-BOILING.
Secretary Taft's tour of the world is to be put on the stage.
A carload of snow is to be delivered daily to the Democratic National Convention at Denver.
Senator McCarren, of Brooklyn, turned prophet and predicted that Hughes could not be nominated for President.
There are more than ninety members of the House of Representatives who are serving their country for the first time.
Vice-President Fairbanks was enthusiastically urged for President at the biennial Republican "love feast" at Indianapolis.
Judge Willard M. McEwen will open in the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, within two weeks his fight for the gubernatorial nomination.
Indications are that the Iowa delegation to the Republican National Convention will support Governor Hughes for the Presidential nomination.
Mayor McClellan, of New York, asked the Supreme Court to compel Jackson to submit a more complete bill of particulars in his suit to oust the Mayor.
Senator Tillman attacked the policy of the administration in issuing Panama bonds and three per cent. certificates of indebtedness and questioned the authority of law for such action.
The Missouri Republican State Committee endorsed William H. Taft for the Republican nomination for President and selected St. Louis for the meeting place of the State convention.
President Roosevelt told his friends that the nomination of Secretary Taft is practically assured. His confidence is based on the refusal of the New York County Republican Committee to endorse Governor Hughes for President.
Despite the enormous sales of popular compositions, the talking machine and the automatic piano player must be extending their sway, if only for humanitarian reasons, into the field once occupied by the amateur musician, mourns the New York Evening Post. And if the family which once bought sheet music does now spend its money on rolls and disks and cylinders, there must be some fair way of recompensing the authors and composers.

'SPECIALLY JIM.'

I was mighty good lookin' when I was young.
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim.
With fellows a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Specially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chippier, an' hansom an' trim,
But I tossed up my head an' made
fun o' the crowd,
'Specially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinton o' men.
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' a comin' in spite o' my
talk,
'Specially Jim!

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
(Specially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in
church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to get rid o' 'em
all,
'Specially Jim.

—The Century.

JONES THE TRAVELER

By Wilfred H. Auburn.

I had met Jones before. In fact, meeting him had become a sort of habit. The first time I saw him he was hanging by his feet, an apologetic, squirming mass, on the facade of Blarney Castle, kissing the stone of eloquence. My camera caught him in the act. "Gad!" he sputtered, when I told him that his feat was immortalized. "Is my face in it? Send me one, will you? That'll prove to the folks back in Zanesville that I did it."

I had run across him again in London, where all ways meet. I was sauntering around the Whitechapel ghetto, and through the window of an alley tavern I noticed two men drinking stout. One was a "bobby" in uniform. His eyes were bleared and his face purple. The profile of the other looked familiar. I walked in, and behold—Jones. The policeman, startled by my intrusion, brought himself together and wobbled out. Jones turned to me with a look of vast reproach:

"Glad to see you again, old man, but—why couldn't you stay away a little longer? I'd have had it in half an hour more."
"Had what?"

"Why, his club, Lord, what a souvenir that would have made!"
Our ways had parted again for a while. I was riding a wheel over the crest of the Black Forest, near Titisee, pumping slowly to the top of the long, white road. A pine cone struck my handle-bar. Another knocked my hat off, and I looked up. An aerial voice emitted a Tyrolean halloo with much unctiousness, and I saw a swaying speck silhouetted against a cloud. My instinct told me it was Jones.

"Hey, old man!" he yelled, trumpeting through his hand, "take my picture—quick—you're just in time—can't hold on much longer—camera's at foot of the tree—lost it half way up!"

His camera was smashed, so I used my own. "Were you expecting me?" I asked, when he shinned down, with barked hands and frayed trousers.

"No, not exactly. Look here—biggest pine cone in Germany, from the tallest tree on top of the highest hill in the Schwarzwald. There's something worth while!"
I admitted it, and we stood surveying the panorama of mounded hills, and deep-cut gorges full of the sound of falling water.

"Lovely!" I murmured.
"What?—Oh, yes, I s'pose it is. But say—I wonder if I couldn't find a bigger cone somewhere in these parts. Let's move on."

Then I ran across him in Meiringen—after it had happened. In the cool of the evening I found him, a swathed form on crutches, motionless in the middle of the main street, staring up at the mountains to the south.
"So it is all over, Jones? And you have survived. Come and tell me about it."

He lowered his gaze from the mountains and turned to me with a look of hopeless sorrow.
"You don't believe I'd lie about it, do you?" he asked.
"Certainly not."

I followed him to a table near by, and while we sipped he told me his story, thus:

"Maybe I'd never have tried it—the trip across the Scheidegg—if I'd known what I was up against. Easy enough, with a good pointed 'stock.' But with a bicycle—"

"You don't mean to say you crossed that pass with a bicycle?"
"With it, on it, and under it!" he declared. "I wanted to do it—for the experience, you know. I guess no cyclist ever did it before. And that footpath was the shortest way from Grindewald to Meiringen."

"Ah, I groan yet when I think of that path. I started up, shovin' the old bike, slidin' on the boulders and stickin' in the mud, and pluggin' up and up, and stoppin' for breath, and then up again, blowin' and steamin' and groanin', and always lookin' for the top. Every once in

a while I'd see it, up under the clouds, and then when I got there it wouldn't be the top at all. After a while I got above the clouds.

"Then the wind turned, and a blast right out o' the ice-factory struck me, and snowflakes, hard like hailstones, beat up my face and hands. But at last I reached the top. I knew it was the top, because the clouds swung off to the left, and hung over the Faulhorn like washing on a line.

"Well, it was worse goin' down. And there was more of it. I slid and rolled and tumbled, and doubled up the bike and dragged it, and plunged down and down and down. After a while it got dark. No moon, no stars. Nothing but clouds and gray mountain above, and dark trees below, and black gorges, and roarin' floods, and the rocky footpath crawlin' down among 'em.

"At last I found myself on a smooth, solid highway. It was glorious coastin'—the road doublin' up sharp on the edge of the cliffs and wrigglin' away in the blackness, just a faint, gray line. But hair-raisin'! No fences—rock wall on one side, and jumpin'-off places on the other. After I caught myself two or three times on the edge of a precipice, I got off and walked again. My eyes had begun to see roads in the air.

"Then the rain came on—a deluge. I crawled into a hole alongside the road and stayed there for an hour or two. Then it stopped rainin', and I moved on, scratchin' with my heel to feel whether I was on the road.

"But at last the lights on Meiringen sparkled up through the pines. I could see better now, and jumped on my bike, and slid down that old mountain side regardless. Then that hub-brake got red-hot—it always does goin' down mountain sides—and there was the cause of my catastrophe.

"When a hub-brake gets hot you've got to pour water on it. I saw that cold, white column streakin' down from the tail of the Rosenlauf glacier, reachin' up out of sight and down out of sight—straight as the rain-pipe from the roof of a house where good sensible people live and are happy without traveling.

"I never thought of the force of that water. Just stopped with a jerk at the inside of the road, where an iron grating hung over the chute, and swung the bike over so the ice water would hit the hub.

"The water hit it all right. Grabbed the bike, and bent it double, and chucked it through the hole inside the grating—and me with it!"

"It happened so quick, you see, I couldn't let loose. I remember bein' snatched and crammed through a hole, and then droppin' down—down—and sort o' wonderin' how long it would take that ice water to reach the boilin' point when we struck Hades.

"Well—I didn't land in Hades. I woke up in—the top of a tree! You needn't laugh. It wasn't funny! The top of a tree 'way down at the foot of the mountain—me hangin' limp and numb across the branches, kind o' wonderin' what had happened, and whether I was alive. After a while I noticed little stars twinklin' through the boughs up above, then a bunch of lights off to the left—and it dawned on me that there was a place called Meiringen.

"I rubbed some of the deadness out o' me, and felt myself all over. Then a few more clouds drifted off my brain, and I realized that cold spray was dashin' over me, and there at my feet was a white, roarin' basin, where that solid water column had chewed a hole in the granite and was hammerin' away like it wanted to bore clear to hell.

"I saw then what had happened to me. I'd slid down that toboggan slide like a wet spider, and instead o' bein' mashed on the rocks, I'd simply been ducked and tossed up into a handy tree.

"Then all at once a chill struck me that wasn't the chill of the water. It made me crazy, I guess, and I turned and ran—anywhere to get away from that horrible roar. I stumbled over boulders, and thrashed through bushes, and scrambled and leaped and rolled. And so at last, somehow, I reached the town. And they dried me, and doped me, and mended me—and here I am."

"Jones," I exclaimed, "your adventure is the crowning glory of your trip. A man might travel and look for trouble for nine lives, and not have such an experience. Think of the story you've got to tell your friends back in Zanesville!"

He looked at me with the sorrow deepening around his eyes, and said brokenly:

"The crowning misfortune! There's a limit to all things. It's God's own truth—and they won't believe it!"—The Outing Magazine.

Giant Turtle Tows a Boat.

Capt. Percy Pells, "Hen" Hartman and "Pat" Gecks, three City Island salts, went fishing yesterday in Pelham Bay, off Beldow's Point. First thing he knew Capt. Pells' blackfish hook was taken in tow by a gigantic turtle. The monster towed the three men and their rowboat a mile. Then they got a gaff hook into him and brought him to the surface, and he reached out a flipper and capsized boat and all.

The old salts managed to climb up on the bottom of the overturned boat with the turtle still on the line. They fought him three hours with only an oar for a weapon. Finally the turtle died and was towed ashore. He weighed 267 pounds.—New York American.

HANDWRITING OF AUTHORS.

Dickens' Blue Ink and Paper—Byron's Copy and Erasures.

An interesting study is the handwriting of authors, as it indicates to a greater or less degree their personal temperaments.

Longfellow wrote a bold, open hand, which was the delight of printers, says the Scientific American. Joaquin Miller writes such a bad hand that he often becomes puzzled over his own work, and the printer sings the praises of the inventor of the typewriter.

Charlotte Bronte's writing seemed to have been traced with cambric needle, and Thackeray's writing while marvelously neat and precise, was so small that the best of eyes were needed to read it. Likewise the writing of Captain Marryat was so microscopic that when he was interrupted in his labors he was obliged to mark the place where he left off by sticking a pin in the paper.

Napoleon's was worse than illegible, and it is said that his letters from Germany to the Empress Josephine were at first thought to be rough maps of the seat of war.

Carlyle wrote a patient, crabbed and oddly emphasized hand. The penmanship of Bryant was aggressive, well formed and decidedly pleasing to the eye; while the chirography of Scott, Hunt, Moore and Gray was smooth and easy to read but did not express distinct individuality.

Byron's handwriting was nothing more than a scrawl. His additions to proofs frequently exceeded in volume the original copy, and in one of his poems, which contained in the original only four hundred lines, one thousand were added in the proofs.

The writing of Dickens was minute, and he had a habit of writing with blue ink on blue paper. Frequent erasures and interlineations made his copy a burden to his publishers.

Preparing Silk for Surgery.

Nearly all the materials used by a surgeon in sewing up wounds are open to some objection. In a medical weekly printed in Munich, several methods of treating silk are described. They have been recommended by an investigator named Wederlake. First he extracts any oil or fat which may be in the thread by soaking in ether, then he sterilizes it by boiling in a chloride of mercury, next he treats it to a process which deposits silver in the fibre, and finally he coats it with a solution of indiarubber. That particular product, he thinks, could not undergo change from the absorption of fluids or become infected. Another of his plans is to soak the thread for between twenty seconds and four minutes in sulphuric acid and, after free washing with water, to remove the moisture with alcohol. The silk is then subjected to a hardening process by means of tannin and absolute alcohol. This silk is said to be as strong as untreated silk and is rendered flexible by treatment with glycerine. It can be sterilized by boiling in bichloride solution, and when buried in the tissues it completely disappears at the expiration of from four to six weeks.

An Intermittent Watch.

"My watch played me a curious trick the other day," said an official of the War Department. "When I arose in the morning I looked at the watch to see what time it was and discovered that it had stopped during the night. It was wound up all right and I tried several times to make it go, but to no effect. It would run for two or three seconds and then stop. I then concluded that it was hopelessly out of order and required the services of an expert. Thereupon I started on a brisk walk for the shop of the jeweller who does all that sort of work for me. After I had walked about two squares force of habit caused me to take out the watch to see the time. To my great surprise it was running and had only to be adjusted to the right time to be as good as new. By personal experience I knew that the pain of an aching tooth would disappear by the time I got to the door of the dentist to have it operated on, but this was my first experience of a similar kind with a watch or any other inanimate object."—Washington Star.

Nelson's Signalmen.

It was in the winter of 1840 that Nelson's signalmen—the man who hoisted the famous "England expects," etc.—was discovered by one who had served as surgeon on board the Tonnant at Trafalgar. The signalmen, John Reddie, was selling watercress and red herrings in Blackfriars. He had deserted from the navy, after the battle, and this had disqualified him for a pension, but representations were made to Capt. Pasco, signal Lieutenant on the Victory at Trafalgar, who used his influence on the old man's behalf. Capt. Pasco was at first unsuccessful; he was informed by the authorities that there were many more deserving candidates for Greenwich. Shortly afterward, however, room was found at Greenwich Hospital for old John. Had he lived in our time he would probably have received a princely salary for repeating the signal nightly at music halls.—London Chronicle.

Iceland Wonders.

People who live in vast and barren lands have the best eyesight. Eskimos will detect a white fox on the snow at a great distance, while Arabs can pick out objects on the desert that are invisible to others.—Springfield Republican.

When Credit Becomes a Loan.

Every merchant who sells on credit is a partner with the buyer to the extent of his sale during the period elapsing until payment is made, and as such has a right to know the financial condition of his debtor. This sense of partnership is rarely recognized by either party to the sale. Every man should regard a time sale as a money loan. He would not care to ask his jobber for the loan on an account of money equal to the value of the goods he buys on time. But he does the equivalent of that when he asks the jobber to extend his credit beyond the time for payments set by the terms agreed upon. If the buyer were to go to his bank and borrow the money necessary to pay for the goods on the same time, he would not only have to pay the legal rate of interest, but a premium besides, and if he did not meet the obligation on its maturity would have to satisfy the bank that the account was good and collectable and, of course, pay the interest for the extended time. Does the salesman realize when he is closing a sale with a customer that he is virtually lending that customer a sum of money equal to the value of the goods for the period that shall elapse before payment is made? And does the buyer realize that in asking for credit, he is only for ten days, he is asking the seller the favor of a cash loan? A realization of this actual relationship between buyer and seller would lead to greater self-respect and firmness on the part of the seller, and what is more important, fewer losses; while there is many a buyer whose attitude toward the seller would be vastly improved by a recognition of this homely truth, and who would steer his course clear of many a dangerous financial rock thereby.—Credit Men's Bulletin.

WOMEN IN REAL ESTATE.

Some of Them Making a Success in California.

A woman real estate agent in Los Angeles, recently made the largest land sale, so far as price was concerned, ever made by a woman in that part of the country.

According to the Housekeeper the deal was for nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The woman agent has been in the business only about two years, but is making a success of it.

"I have many women clients," she said, "and have no trouble with them. I find that, as a rule, they come right to the point and transact business more quickly than many of the men do."

"The lack of practical knowledge, the ability to close a deal, is the fault that presents itself most glaringly in woman. She can demonstrate and convince, but cannot execute a deed or draw a contract for her own protection. But she is an apt pupil, and only needs to be shown a few times, after which she can do without a lawyer."

"She always overestimates details and spends time on trifles, allowing the main issue to lose force by delay. Women usually enter into deals with enthusiasm but, in the words of the street, they are 'quitters.' They cannot endure weeks and months of inaction, and waiting for the 'right time,' but become discouraged. The 'stayers' reach the goal."

Squirrel and Snake Fight.

The story of a battle between a squirrel and a large black snake is reported by a prominent farmer who lives north of Carrollton. Mr. Withers has some pet squirrels on his farm, and a few days ago when he went to feed them he noticed a commotion going on in the squirrels' nest. In a few moments a red squirrel emerged from the hole in the tree, dragging a blacksnake. Both were fighting desperately. The snake was at a disadvantage, however, for the squirrel had a strange hold behind the snake's head and shook his unyielding antagonist much as a dog would a rat. The snake endeavored to encircle the little squirrel with its coils, but could not do so, and presently both the snake and squirrel fell to the ground, the squirrel still retaining his hold on the snake. The farmer stepped up and the squirrel released his hold and scampered back up the tree. The snake, which measured nearly six feet in length, was nearly dead, and was dispatched at once.—Kansas City Journal.

Traveling Auto Repair Shop.

A new vocation has sprung up on some of the large country roads leading out of town. It is that of the itinerant repairer of automobiles. Its first exponent was seen on the Old York road, near Jenkintown, where, with his whole equipment in a bag, he walked along the highway bearing a sign "Autos Repaired." The man is a clever machinist, who has made a special study of automobiles, and whose services are at the command of any motorist who needs them—as many automobile owners who drive their own machines are likely to do. In the case of a breakdown he is apt soon to be along, for things have prospered with him and he now travels and carries his tools in a striped runabout, which shows evidences that it is out for business. In effect he is a traveling automobile repair shop, and as such occupies about the same relation to the average automobile as the repair ships of the navy do to the ships of the line.—Philadelphia Record.

Paris has seven free eating houses for poor mothers.

FRENCH PEASANTS POOR COOKS.

Know Nothing of Cooking as a Fine Art—Fasts and Feasts.

We are accustomed to think of cooking as being a universal art among the French. We seem to have heard vaguely of delicious repasts concocted out of nothing with the help of a charcoal fire and a small pot.

Certainly among the bourgeoisie that miracle seems sometimes to accomplish itself, but in the matter of cookery as a fine art, writes a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, the peasant belongs to a different world. He knows very little about it and does not wish to know, because it is regarded as a costly and necessary luxury. His breakfast consists of thin soup made of beans and water, with perhaps a taste of bacon for flavoring, and thin slices of brown bread to give it substance. Potatoes and one other dish—frequently a coarse sort of pancake—form the noonday meal. The supper will be more sustaining, with thin wine or cider as a beverage.

Jacques Bonhomme has a perfect genius for discovering things which are good for food, which yet cost nothing, and sometimes he eats things that seem revolting to us, though I am quite willing to admit that clean or unclean, in the matter of food, is largely a question of inherited prejudice. He is very fond of snuff, and so, for that matter, are the priests. I have often seen them take it even in church.

Normandy is a rich province, and its peasants are better fed than those of other parts of the country. There is a tradition that in olden days meat was so cheap and plentiful that it was used to feed the pigs at the monasteries. They drink a great deal of cider, especially in the "pays de Caux," and it is said that this is the explanation of their bad teeth. The dress of the peasant women in this part of Normandy is extremely picturesque, with the long frilled cloak and the hood which sometimes reveals a pretty, pliant face.

As a contrast to the general frugality of the peasants' lives, there are the wedding feasts and other festivities, when they eat enormously, apparently having the power of laying in a stock against times of comparative fasting.

CAOUTCHOUC IN CUBA.

Trees Which Require No Cultivation and Yield When Five Years Old.

In describing the cultivation of a hardy variety of rubber tree in Cuba, a writer in the National Magazine of Cuba says that it is advisable to plant the small trees about six metres apart. In this way, at the age of 15 or 20 years the trees having reached a height of say thirty feet, do not interfere with minor cultivations.

While the trees are reaching maturity, the grower can raise beans, kidney beans, nuts or cassavas, malanga, cotton and maize. The pineapple will make profitable interpolated crop.

The caoutchouc requires no cultivation, the grass and the vegetation assisting the young plant, and when older the shade eliminates all useless grasses and herbs. The tree can be tapped at the fifth year, but more satisfactory results will be attained by waiting until the sixth year, and then, instead of abstracting two or three pounds of juice, it is prudent to take no more than one to one and a half pounds, according to the development of the tree an average of one and a half pounds would be very reasonable. If methodically handled, the rubber tree is extremely long lived, and from eighth to tenth years the tree will produce about six pounds annually, and still remain in condition to give service many years to come.

Words and Stones.

Some years ago George Meredith had a house built for himself which was rather small, although extremely comfortable. One day a lady visited him, and with great pride he showed her over the place. After their tour of inspection the visitor turned to her host and with a disappointed expression said: "In your books you describe huge castles and baronial halls but when you come to build you put up a little house like this. Why is it?" "Well," replied the author, with a twinkle in his eye, "the reason is because words are cheaper than stones."—M. A. P.

Fish Do Not Hear.

Much controversy has taken place on the question of sense of hearing in fish, and many experiments have been tried with a view of settling it. Some of the latest of these are those of which M. Marage has given an account in the Paris Comptes Rendus. The fish experimented with were carp, tench, pike, eel and others, and the author finds no evidence of a sense of hearing. Sounds were transmitted into the water close to the fish with an energy capable of affecting deaf mutes. No effect was produced on the fish.

Dangerous Sense of Humor.

George G. Morton, a machinist residing on Russell street, has many sore ribs, and all because he laughed too heartily. He was thoroughly enjoying a joke played on a comrade with garden hose, and as he watched the sport from a window he laughed with great gusto, so much so that he was seized with pains and had to be helped to a seat. A medical man was called and found that he had fractured a rib and had torn away part of the lining about another rib.—Bermuda Royal Gazette.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

District Attorney Jerome announces that he is tired of public life.

Admiral Dewey celebrated his seventieth birthday, naval officers repeating the President's toast in his honor.

Andrew Carnegie has added the sum of \$2,000,000 to the \$10,000,000 endowment fund of the Carnegie Institution.

Signor Giannuccio, Minister of Public Works, is dead in Rome. He is the fifth colleague whom Prime Minister Giolitti has lost through death or illness.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt gave \$100,000 to the Y. M. C. A. of Newport, R. I., to erect a new building as a memorial to his father, Cornelius Vanderbilt.

General T. S. Harrison, Consul-General at Cairo, Egypt, during McKinley's administration, was sued for \$10,000 by T. B. Whitmarsh, mechanical engineer.

Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, and former Controller of the Currency, will quit banking and finance to become a composer of music.

Professor Edward W. Morley, of Hartford, has received notice from Sir Rayleigh, president of the Royal Society of London, that he has been awarded the Royal Medal for his services to science.

Thomas W. Lawson, who visited the White House, announced that he was forming a party to force a third term on President Roosevelt, with Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, as his running mate.

Colonel John Jacob Astor has just spent \$250,000 for a private clubhouse on his Hudson river estate, where his guests may play tennis as well protected from the weather as they are in the indoor courts of the racket club in New York.

POLITICAL POT A-BOILING.

Secretary Taft's tour of the world is to be put on the stage.

A carload of snow is to be delivered daily to the Democratic National Convention at Denver.

Senator McCarran, of Brooklyn, turned prophet and predicted that Hughes could not be nominated for President.

There are more than ninety members of the House of Representatives who are serving their country for the first time.

Vice-President Fairbanks was enthusiastically urged for President at the biennial Republican "love feast" at Indianapolis.

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Indications are that the Iowa delegation to the Republican National Convention will support Governor Hughes for the Presidential nomination.

Mayor McClellan, of New York, asked the Supreme Court to compel Jackson to submit a more complete bill of particulars in his suit to oust the Mayor.

Senator Tillman attacked the policy of the administration in issuing Panama bonds and three per cent. certificates of indebtedness and questioned the authority of law for such action.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908.

Here and There.

The terrible disaster at Boyerstown is worse than at first reported, the number of dead now being given at 172.

Hanover is planning to hold an "Old Home Week" celebration next Summer. A general committee has been appointed to arrange for the event.

From the effects of burns received by the explosion of a hanging lamp, Mrs. Mary Williams, of Bangor, died in terrible agony.

While celebrating his twenty fifth wedding anniversary on Thursday L. F. Eck, proprietor of the Washington Hotel at Bethlehem, was taken suddenly ill and died yesterday. He was 46 years old.

Worrying over his inability to get work James H. Praedel, the father of eight small children, Friday attempted to take his life by jumping in front of a train at South Bethlehem. He was saved by a brakeman.

The home of Thomas Kline, at Cambria, caught fire Wednesday night and was burned to the ground. All of the contents, including \$250 in bills which Mr. Kline had hidden in a trunk, were destroyed.

Held up by a negro, who demanded his money, Charles Smith, a truck walker, employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at West Chester, knocked the highwayman down with a club and then administered a sound thrashing to him.

Select Council has passed finally a bill which declares the use of vehicles with gongs, bells or other similar noise producing devices attached to them to be a public nuisance, and prescribes penalties for the use of such vehicles upon the highways of the city of York.

George Hosh, of Branchdale, threw a stone through the window of a boarding house into a room where a card game was in progress. Several boarders caught him before he could make his escape, and he was seriously stabbed in the side. He is in a critical condition at the Pottsville Hospital.

Paul Henry Ruby, the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ruby, was drowned Friday afternoon in a milk cooling tank at the home of his parents, near Snyderburg, Carroll Co. The child had been seen a few minutes before he fell in the tank playing on the porch of the house, but all efforts to resuscitate him when discovered in the tank were fruitless.

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When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayers

The little book in each package gives the formula of our new Hair Vigor, tells what ingredient is used, and explains many other interesting things. You will know why this new hair does its work so well.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

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THE LEADERS.

Dry Goods. Notions. Carpets. Cloaks.

WE have begun our Annual Clearance Sale of Dependable Merchandise preparatory to our annual inventory. We have made our price-cut uncommonly heavy, as you will admit if you come to see us. The Price Reductions apply in every department of our store, but the most comprehensive in the departments devoted to

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Why Keep What You Don't Want?

Rheumatism

You don't want it—can't give it away—nor sell it—but you can get rid of it by taking

A. D. S. RHEUMATIC REMEDY

One of the 500 A. D. S. Family Remedies.

It is NOT a patent medicine. There are no SECRETS about it; we will show you the formula if you wish.

You would be foolish to take your watch to a blacksmith to have it fixed. Wouldn't you?

But isn't it just as foolish to subject the Infinitely More Complicated and Delicate organisms of your body to a patent medicine, the contents of which you do not know, and the maker of which usually knows nothing at all about medicine or drugs?

Wouldn't you rather trust the Brains and Experience of the 6,000 Retail Druggists who guarantee A. D. S. Rheumatic Remedy to be, next to treatment by a Competent Physician, the Very Best Remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and Gout?

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Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.—Liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.
Job Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908.

Here and There.

The terrible disaster at Boyertown is worse than at first reported, the number of dead now being given at 172.

Hanover is planning to hold an "Old Home Week" celebration next Summer. A general committee has been appointed to arrange for the event.

From the effects of burns received by the explosion of a hanging lamp, Mrs. Mary Williams, of Bangor, died in terrible agony.

While celebrating his twenty fifth wedding anniversary on Thursday L. F. Eck, proprietor of the Washington Hotel at Bethlehem, was taken suddenly ill and died yesterday. He was 46 years old.

Worrying over his inability to get work James H. Praedel, the father of eight small children, Friday attempted to take his life by jumping in front of a train at South Bethlehem. He was saved by a brakeman.

The home of Thomas Kline, at Cambria, caught fire Wednesday night and was burned to the ground. All of the contents, including \$250 in bills which Mr. Kline had hidden in a trunk, were destroyed.

Held up by a negro, who demanded his money, Charles Smith, a truck walker, employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at West Chester, knocked the highwayman down with a club and then administered a sound thrashing to him.

Select Council has passed finally a bill which declares the use of vehicles with gongs, bells or other similar noise producing devices attached to them to be a public nuisance, and prescribes penalties for the use of such vehicles upon the highways of the city of York.

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

P. S. Orner will start a planing mill and barrel factory in Arendtsville.

Born—to Mr and Mrs. Joseph Eckenrode of near Bonneauville, a son.

Gettysburg School Board has decided to erect a new high school building.

George Kale, of Sells Station, slaughtered a hog Tuesday that weighed 490 lbs.

For RENT.—Several rooms in dwelling house. Also for sale one good cooking stove. For particulars call on Miss Eliza Diehl, Pitt street.

The Red Men of Hampton are making efforts to collect enough money to build a hall in that place in the near future.

Sealed proposals will be received by the State Highway Department at Harrisburg, for the construction of 11,666 feet of road 16 feet wide from Biglerville to Arendtsville.

For social, medicinal or household uses I. W. HARPER whiskey is the best and the safest. The most popular high grade whiskey on the market. Sold by C. T. Hersh.

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Mrs. Agnes Strausbaugh, who resides with the family of her daughter, Mrs. William I. Bunty, in McSherrystown, was seized with an attack of vertigo Tuesday night, about 9 o'clock, and in falling her face struck the floor causing the blood to run from her nose. Dr. A. C. Rice was summoned who rendered prompt assistance and the elderly lady, who is in her 84th year, is greatly improved.

Victor B. Hausknecht, a member of the Junior class at Gettysburg college was severely burned about 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the chemical laboratory at that institution by the fumes of hot fuming nitric acid. His entire face and both hands were terribly burned, the left hand suffering especially from the fumes. Mr. Hausknecht had been boiling some of the nitric acid in a bottle, the cork being tied on. He took off the cork and the hot fumes poured over him enveloping his hands.

Reported Killed.

Joseph Wilhelm, of the Exchange Hotel, reported the death of Adolphus Marcoe, familiarly known in Hanover as "Doc".

He was killed by a Penn'a. R. R. train Monday night, Jan. 13, near Altoona.

Marcoe was a well-known hostler of this place, having been employed by N. B. Carver, Davis Garber, and others. He was aged about 50 years and came to Hanover from Gettysburg several years ago.—Hanover Record.

All Licenses Granted But One.

The annual granting of the liquor licenses throughout the county was taken up by the Court Friday morning and all granted with the exception of the one at the City Hotel, Gettysburg, which was held over until Monday January 27 when it will again be brought before the Court. The present license expires on January 24 so that the present proprietor of the City Hotel will not be allowed to sell liquor after that date. The applications of Elmer E. Jacobs at Biglerville, and C. T. Lerew, at York Springs, were withdrawn by those men.

The Goose Disappeared While The Big Chief Fiddled.

There was weeping, wailing and nashing of teeth, threats of most dire vengeance, and many actions too numerous to mention, at Squire Straley's seat of justice, on last Wednesday morning, and all on account of a practical joke. Dr. Seaks and the Squire were the lucky winners of several geese at a clay bird shooting match at Bonneauville the previous Saturday. The fowls were brought home, the doctor placing his in the yard at the barn and the Squire his in a coop in the yard. The doctor with the family of Dr. Sheetz had a feast of their geese on Friday and Squire "Bob" and his family intended to have their feast on Wednesday, and had every thing in preparation, even to a lady to assist in preparing the feast, but lo! it all had to be called off. It happened in this way: Several young men decided to have some sport at "Bob's" expense, and on Tuesday evening they engaged Big Chief of Police, Wm. Hensil, who is quite an artist with the violin, to call and entertain "Bob" and his family and a few friends.

While the Chief was getting well warmed up "Fisher's Hornpipe" these young men got into the back yard and taken away "Bob's" goose. And so you can imagine his indignation at being disappointed in his feast. His goosehip however was only a few feet from the Squire's yard, he having been turned loose in the doctors yard, and was calling loudly to its owner all the while but his voice was unrecognized. The Squire attended to business at Gettysburg on Friday and during his absence from home the goose was returned and the feast was served Sunday noon.

Horse Dies From Hydrophobia.

Mr. Aaron Brown, residing close to the New Chester road, in Oxford township, lost his fine large bay mare from hydrophobia, Sunday morning. When the mad dog passed through that neighborhood on the 17th day of December and bit a young son of Mr. Henry Kaiser, and a number of dogs and animals, it was not definitely known if Mr. Brown's animal had been bitten or not, although the dog was tracked to the stable, but was seen by no one. The mare was tied to the manger in the stable, with the stable door closed but an upper door to the feeding entry was open. When Mr. Brown went to the stable he noticed a wound in the animal's lip but presumed it had been caused by a protruding nail, but it is now most certain that the dog had jumped into the entry and snapped the mare in the lip. The wound inflicted healed. The animal had been used ever since and on Thursday was given exercise but upon returning to the stable it was noticed that something was wrong, as the animal began pawing and rubbing the lip where it had been bitten. Friday morning Mr. Brown summoned a Veterinary and medicine was prescribed but the symptoms were not pronounced those of hydrophobia. The animal continued to grow worse and on Saturday a full case of hydrophobia developed. The animal bit, pawed, reared and plunged until it fell from exhaustion and died on Sunday morning. It was a valuable animal highly prized by Mr. Brown.

The hog belonging to Mr. Geo. Shelleman, residing near the Brown home, known to have been bitten by the same dog, on its rampage the same day, but had been penned up at the time to await developments, also became afflicted with rabies on Saturday and was killed, after the disease had fully developed.

Encouragement Needed.

The long winter evenings are here and the members of the Citizens Band of New Oxford realize that in order to keep up their reputation for high-class music that constant attention to the rehearsals is absolutely necessary. But evidently some of our citizens think just the opposite. Several of the members and those who play very important parts are almost constantly absenting themselves from rehearsals in order to attend musicals, sociables and the like, and it is a very significant fact that the dates for these affairs generally fall on Band rehearsal nights. The citizens of New Oxford should indeed be more careful in future in selecting dates for their entertainments so as not to cause any member of the Band to absent himself from rehearsal. If the citizens of New Oxford would like to see their Band continue to improve and enjoy the approbation of the community they should lend their assistance and encourage the organization avoiding all meetings which would have a tendency to draw away the members on Tuesday and Friday nights of each week, which are the duly appointed nights for Band rehearsal. The citizens of New Oxford can not do the Band a greater injury than by inviting its members out to fetes and sociables, on rehearsal nights.

The Band is certainly a creditable organization and each and all of the boys can well feel proud that they belong to it, and it is certainly not very encouraging to the members who present themselves for rehearsal to see a long row of vacant chairs which should be filled by members who play leading parts. Let the citizens encourage the boys and not do anything to cause them to be absent from Band rehearsal unless absolutely necessary.

Citizen.

Died From Injuries.

Charles Bireley, who is said to admit having dealt the blows, is in custody at Waynesboro. Bireley operates a small repair shop at Blue Ridge Summit and sleeps in a portion of the shop. Early Tuesday morning he was aroused by a noise at one of the windows. Upon investigation he found that some one had broken open the window and had crawled about half way through. Seizing an ax handle Bireley dealt the intruder a blow upon the head. The man fell back out the window. When Bireley went the door the fellow had disappeared.

Later in the day Robert Moorhead was found lying on the ground a short distance from the Bireley shop, in an unconscious condition, with his skull crushed. Without regaining consciousness, Moorhead died Wednesday afternoon about 2 o'clock. Thereupon Bireley surrendered himself to Justice Martin in Waynesboro and was taken to jail.

Moorhead, the dead man, lived at Sabillasville, was single, aged 25.

A New Addition.

Within the past week Mr. Nicholas Lingg has had a new street opened, but as yet not ordained by the Town Council. The new streets consist of an extension of South Orange street, passing along at the termination of Pleasant street, opened up to the line between J. C. Geiselman and Spangler Hetrick. From there a new street has been opened on lands of said parties to the home of Mr. N. Lingg on the Littlestown road, to be known as Poplar street. The surveying was completed on Monday and already several building lots have been sold along the streets. Any person desiring to purchase desirable lots at reasonable prices can do so by calling upon either Mr. Geiselman or Mr. Hetrick.

Death Doings.

Isaac Lewin Bender of Martinsburg, W. Va., died at 2:15 o'clock Wednesday morning in Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore. He was aged 57 years. The immediate cause of his death was myocarditis, or a breaking down of the muscles of the heart. Mr. Bender was the third son of Solomon Bender, deceased, and was born on his father's farm, near Bendersville.

Mrs. Sallie E. Glant died at her home at Bendersville Station, between 11 and 12 o'clock Thursday morning after a week's illness of Pneumonia. She is survived by her husband and three children: William, Annie and Heber.

Mrs. Mary A. Culp, wife of John Culp, died at her home on Main street, McSherrystown, at 5:15 a. m. Thursday, aged 66 years, 9 months and 22 days. Mrs. Culp received a stroke of apoplexy, Wednesday afternoon, remaining in an unconscious condition until death ensued. Deceased was a daughter of the late Samuel Smith, of Conewago township, and was married to John Culp, of Gettysburg, about 38 years ago. Besides her husband, she is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Bert Hamm, and an only son, Lewis S. Culp, both of McSherrystown. A sister, Miss Louisa Smith, of McSherrystown, also survives.

Mathias N. Forney, the distinguished mechanical engineer, author and editor, died in New York city Wednesday morning of apoplexy in his seventy third year. He was born in Hanover, York county, the son of Mathias and Amanda Nace Forney and was a member of the York County Historical society. Not more than six months ago he married Mrs. Spear, of Baltimore, whom he knew intimately in his early boyhood.

Gettysburg, Jan. 18.—Merville E. Zinn died Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock at his home in Gettysburg after a brief illness aged 44 years. The cause of death was blood poisoning resulting from a boil. The death of Mr. Zinn came as a shock not only to the town of Gettysburg but also to entire county throughout which Mr. Zinn was well known. Within a few days apparently in the best of health, a large and perfectly formed man, in the prime of life, he has been taken by the hand of death.

Deceased was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Zinn, of Gettysburg. His youth was spent with his parents who lived in Gettysburg for some time and then moved to Harrisburg. From there they came back to the county and lived on a farm of Mr. John Zinn near Table Rock. They then moved to Biglerville where the father conducted a store. Coming back to Gettysburg he accepted a position as clerk in Hotel Gettysburg and later became the proprietor of the hotel continuing as such until he sold the good will and fixtures to the management which has since had control of the hotel. While proprietor of the hotel Mr. Zinn became known to many through the state and in other states. Together with the management of the hotel and since then he was actively engaged in the management of a farm near Hunt-erstown.

Mr. Zinn was active in several business concerns. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and of the local lodge of Elks. He was also a member of the Farmers Grange of Hunterstown. He is survived by his wife, his parents, two sons, Roy and John, both of Gettysburg; one brother, Harry, of Altoona; and two sisters, Mrs. E. M. Bender, of Gettysburg, and Mrs. Harbaugh, of Altoona.

William Pierce died at the Soldiers' Home at Hampton Roads, Virginia, on Wednesday, aged 66 years, 10 months and 12 days. He was born in Gettysburg March 3, 1841, the son of James and Margaret McCurdy Pierce, and at the age of 20 enlisted in the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry. He served four years in the army. After the war Mr. Pierce returned to Gettysburg where he lived until about seventeen years ago. After leaving Gettysburg Mr. Pierce went to Washington where he was employed in the Census Department for about seven years. He then went to the Soldiers' Home at Hampton Roads and lived there until the time of his death.

Mrs. Ada Jane Blettner, wife of Henry Blettner, died at her home at Pennville, near Hanover, at 11:45 p. m., Friday, Jan. 17, from consumption. She was aged 31 years and 8 days. The deceased was a daughter of Henry Kiebling, of Penn township, and was married in 1895 to Mr. Blettner, a son of William Blettner, of Pennville. Besides the husband, three children survive.

Mrs. Caroline C. Sanders died from infirmities at her home, on Main street McSherrystown, at noon Saturday, aged about 82 years. Deceased was a daughter of the late John Kuhn, of McSherrystown, and was married to Joseph Sanders, who died a number of years ago. Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Sanders has been living alone, though her wants were attended to by relatives and friends. She is survived by an only brother, John Kuhn of Baltimore.

Mrs. Catharine W. Stoner died at her home in East Berlin on Wednesday evening after being ill for ten days. Mrs. Stoner has been in poor health for over a year but became seriously ill about ten days before her death. She was the widow of A. K. Stoner. She is survived by four sons and one daughter: C. W. Ston-

er, Esq., of Gettysburg; ex-Sheriff Newton Stoner, of East Berlin; Dr. Geo. W. Stoner, of New York City; Dr. James B. Stoner, of Evansville, Indiana, and Mrs. L. Y. Diller, of East Berlin. She is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Hildebrand, of Indiana, Pa.

George W. Bowman died at home of his daughter, Mrs. E. R. Shafer, Hanover, at 9:15 a. m. Sunday, Jan. 19, of paralysis, aged 68 years, 11 months and 5 days.

W. Scott Morrison died suddenly at his home in Menallen township between 4 and 5 o'clock Monday morning from heart failure aged 59 years. Although Mr. Morrison had been complaining, his death was entirely unexpected and was a severe shock to his family and his many friends in the upper end of the county. A physician was summoned when Mr. Morrison became suddenly worse Monday morning but he died before medical aid arrived. Mr. Morrison was born and reared on farm on which he lived. He was one of Men allen township's school directors and his name had been filed for re-election. Mr. Morrison is survived by his wife, three sons and seven daughters.

Oliver Roland of near East Berlin, while attending the funeral of a grandson contracted a severe cold which developed into grip and pleurisy and resulted in death in York on last Thursday evening where he had been staying. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. Anthony, of near Franklintown, York county.

Hymenial.

Jan. 12, at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kimmel, of Latimore township, George S. Kimmel and Elsie Stifler, of York, were married by Rev. W. A. Yoiesley, of East Berlin.

Brysonia, Jan. 17.—Mr. David Orner and Miss Mary Funt the youngest daughter of Mrs. Solomon Funt of this place, were united in marriage at Arendtsville yesterday by the Rev. D. T. Koser. At the same time and place Charles Haner, of Round Top, and Miss Annie Funt, were married, also by Rev. Koser. The two wedded couples left for a wedding trip to Waynesboro and Hanover.

Miss Annie M. Wehler, of Littlestown, and Chas. Stambaugh, of Union township, were married Thursday evening at St. Paul's Lutheran Parsonage, Littlestown, by Rev. J. Jay Hill.

Mr. James Bostler, a former sexton of St. Joseph's Church, was married Thursday morning of last week to Miss Lillie Noel, of Bonneauville, by Rev. Fr. Burhart. The newly married couple intend making their future home in Lancaster county, where the groom's parents reside.

In Emmanuel Reformed church, Hanover, at high noon Tuesday, by the past Rev. Ellis S. Hay, united in marriage Mr. Amon S. Kemper, of Philadelphia, and Miss Elizabeth Kathryn Tanger, of Hanover.

Was His Own Detective.

The following taken from a Philadelphia paper is concerning C. N. Ziegler, son of C. W. Ziegler a former Gettysburgian:

Returning home for lunch Wednesday and discovering that his house had been ransacked, C. N. Ziegler, of 1437 Christian street, decided to do a little police work on his own account. In company with his mother, who he knew would be able to identify the stolen goods, Ziegler went to the nearest pawn shop, at 15th and Bainbridge streets, where he learned a colored man had pledged one of his coats only a few minutes before his arrival. Hot on the trail of his property, Ziegler visited a pawn shop at 17th and Bainbridge streets. As he entered the door he saw a colored man arguing with the man behind the counter over a coat. Ziegler recognized the coat instantly and grabbed the colored man. Then followed a tussel, during which Ziegler and the colored man rolled over and over on the floor. Finally the colored man, in his frantic endeavors to escape, Ziegler through a bulk window. In the meantime the pawnbroker had telephoned for the police, and by the time the colored man had extricated himself from the broken glass Craig, a special policeman of the 20th and Fitzwater Station, arrived and placed Ziegler's prisoner under arrest.

PERSONAL.

Capt. J. Q. A. Pfeiffer, of Washington, D. C., spent Friday night and Saturday at the home of his sister Miss Elizabeth Pfeiffer, Philadelphia street.

Mrs. Agnes Aumen, of York, is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Pitt street.

Mr. Fred. Winand, of Philadelphia, is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Winand, West High St., Mrs. C. H. Robinson and daughter Francis, spent Saturday with Mr. P. G. Breighner and family, Gettysburg.

Mr. W. H. Emlet, Misses Lottie Gulden and Lulu Shultz, of Hanover, and Mr. Artie Gulden and Miss Edna Gulden from Pine Run, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gulden, Hanover street.

Among our callers during the past week was Mr. Harry M. Keller of Franklin township. The gentleman is again a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff, and naturally hopes that his party will assist him in retrieving the loss of three years ago. The gentleman is well spoken of wherever known, and his many friends are anxious to have him receive the nomination.

Miss Alverta Lawrence of near town, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. F. M. Lingg, near Bonneauville.

Miss Merium Lingg of near Bonneauville, is spending some time with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Lawrence, near town.

Mr. A. H. Stock and family, of Littlestown, spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Stock, North Peters street.

Mrs. Vertie Hartlaub and daughter Miss Kathleen, of Mountpleasant, spent several days at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Meriem Heltzel, Pitt street.

Change in Bank.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, held on Saturday, Mr. James R. Weaver, son of Mr. J. S. Weaver of Hanover street, was elected to fill a vacancy in the Bank caused by the resignation of Mr. E. M. Etzler of Hanover, who has been acting cashier since the bank was organized. Mr. Jas. W. Barnitz, the duly elected cashier, will now act in that capacity and Mr. Weaver will be assistant. We understand that Mr. Etzler, who has assisted in building up a number of new financial institutions in his years in this vicinity, on account of advancing years, will retire from the banking business.

Mrs. Julia Ann Michael died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Henry in Hanover at 7:30 p. m. Monday, from the infirmities of old age. She was aged 94 years, 8 months and 14 days.

THIS IS POSITIVE.

"Without a shadow of a doubt the Weaver Piano is a piano of the best quality, and a credit to any artistic home." This is the opinion of Eugene Duffield, the famous concert pianist and teacher of Nebraska. Volumes of argument could not make his description more positive or effective. Send for catalogue.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO.
Manufacturers, York, Pa.

SPRING SALES.

FEBRUARY.
13—James Millhines, near New Chester.
17—J. V. Staub, near New Oxford.
20—Edw. Millhines, near Hampton.
21—Alex. Kimmman, Hamilton.
23—A. V. Staub, Hamilton township.
25—Henry Marshall, Mt. Pleasant twp.
28—M. B. Zinn, near Hunterstown, March.
2—L. T. Ehrenhart, near New Chester.
4—J. A. Heiman, Mountpleasant twp.
5—W. H. Kohler, Oxford township.
9—H. E. Freed, cross pikes, Oxford p.
14—George Peltz, near New Oxford.
17—Mary C. Eltz, Hamilton.
18—Ira Herman, Straban township.
19—Harry Stallsmith, Mt. Pleasant twp.
23—Greg. F. Smith, near Irishstown.
25—Hanson Hersh, near New Oxford

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$.96
No. 2 "....." .90
Raked "....." .80
Rye....." .50 @ 50
Corn....." .50 @ 55
Oats....." .22 @ 45
Clover seed, per lb....." .10 @ 18
Timothy seed....." 1.00 @ 1.50
Rye Straw....." 8.00 @ 7.00
Timothy hay....." 10.00 @ 14.00

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

P. S. Orner will start a planing mill and barrel factory in Arendtville.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Eckenrode of near Bonneauville, a son.

Gettysburg School Board has decided to erect a new High school building.

George Kale, of Sells Station, slaughtered a hog Tuesday that weighed 490 lbs.

FOR RENT.—Several rooms in dwelling house. Also for sale one good cooking stove. For particulars call on Miss Eliza Diehl, Pitt street.

The Red Men of Hampton are making efforts to collect enough money to build a hall in that place in the near future.

Sealed proposals will be received by the State Highway Department at Harrisburg, for the construction of 11,666 feet of road 16 feet wide from Biglerville to Arendtville.

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The roan mare, for many years in the family of Mrs. I. P. Slaybaugh at Cedar Ridge, now of West High street, was killed last week, having become useless on account of age, being 27 years old. One of the peculiarities of this faithful old animal was, she would never eat any feed when away from home.

Some sneak thief stole a fourteen pound roast of beef from the home of C. K. Yeager, Esq., on Pitt street, one night last week. Mr. Yeager had placed the roast between two tubs over night to keep cool, on a back porch. The following morning when he came for the roast it had disappeared, but the tubs were undisturbed.

Mrs. Agnes Strausbaugh, who resides with the family of her daughter, Mrs. William I. Bunty, in McSherrystown, was seized with an attack of vertigo Tuesday night, about 9 o'clock, and in falling her face struck the floor causing the blood to run from her nose. Dr. A. C. Rice was summoned who rendered prompt assistance and the elderly lady, who is in her 84th year, is greatly improved.

Victor B. Hausknecht, a member of the Junior class at Gettysburg college was severely burned about 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the chemical laboratory at that institution by the fumes of hot fuming nitric acid. His entire face and both hands were terribly burned, the left hand suffering especially from the fumes. Mr. Hausknecht had been boiling some of the nitric acid in a bottle, the cork being tied on. He took off the cork and the hot fumes poured over him enveloping his hands.

Reported Killed.

Joseph Wilhelm, of the Exchange Hotel, reported the death of Adolphus Marcoe, familiarly known in Hanover as "Doc."

He was killed by a Penn'a. R. R. train Monday night, Jan. 13, near Altoona. Marcoe was a well-known hostler of this place, having been employed by N. B. Carver, Davis Garber, and others. He was aged about 50 years and came to Hanover from Gettysburg several years ago.—Hanover Record.

All Licenses Granted But One.

The annual granting of the liquor licenses throughout the county was taken up by the Court Friday morning and all granted with the exception of the one at the City Hotel, Gettysburg, which was held over until Monday January 27 when it will again be brought before the Court. The present license expires on January 24 so that the present proprietor of the City Hotel will not be allowed to sell liquor after that date. The applications of Elmer E. Jacobs at Biglerville, and C. T. Lerew, at York Springs, were withdrawn by those men.

The Goose Disappeared While The Big Chief Fiddled.

There was weeping, wailing and mashing of teeth, threats of most dire vengeance, and many actions too numerous to mention, at Squire Straley's seat of justice, on last Wednesday morning, and all on account of a practical joke. Dr. Seaks and the Squire were the lucky winners of several geese at a clay bird shooting match at Bonneauville the previous Saturday.

The fowls were brought home, the doctor placing his in the yard at the barn and the squire his in a coop in the yard. The doctor with the family of Dr. Sheetz had a feast of their geese on Friday and Squire "Bob" and his family intended to have their feast on Wednesday, and had every thing in preparation, even to a lady to assist in preparing the feast, but lo! it all had to be called off. It happened in this way: Several young men decided to have some sport at "Bob's" expense, and on Tuesday evening they engaged Big Chief of Police, Wm. Hensel, who is quite an artist with the violin, to call and entertain "Bob" and his family and a few friends.

While the Chief was getting well warmed up "Fisher's Hornpipe" these young men got into the back yard and taken away "Bob's" goose. And so you can imagine his indignation at being disappointed in his feast. His goosehood however was only a few feet from the Squire's yard, he having been turned loose in the doctors yard, and was calling loudly to its owner all the while but his voice was unrecognized. The Squire attended to business at Gettysburg on Friday and during his absence from home the goose was returned and the feast was served Sunday noon.

Horse Dies From Hydrophobia

Mr. Aaron Brown, residing close to the New Chester road, in Oxford township, lost his fine large bay mare from hydrophobia, Sunday morning. When the mad dog passed through that neighborhood on the 17th day of December and bit a young son of Mr. Henry Kaiser, and a number of dogs and animals, it was not definitely known if Mr. Brown's animal had been bitten or not, although the dog was tracked to the stable, but was seen by no one. The mare was tied to the manger in the stable, with the stable door closed but an upper door to the feeding entry was open. When Mr. Brown went to the stable he noticed a wound in the animal's lip but presumed it had been caused by a protruding nail, but it is now most certain that the dog had jumped into the entry and snapped the mare in the lip. The wound inflicted healed. The animal had been used ever since and on Thursday was given exercise but upon returning to the stable it was noticed that something was wrong, as the animal began pawing and rubbing the lip where it had been bitten. Friday morning Mr. Brown summoned a Veterinary and medicine was prescribed but the symptoms were not pronounced those of hydrophobia. The animal continued to grow worse and on Saturday a full case of hydrophobia developed. The animal bit, pawed, reared and plunged until it fell from exhaustion and died on Sunday morning. It was a valuable animal highly prized by Mr. Brown.

The hog belonging to Mr. Geo. Shellenman, residing near the Brown home, known to have been bitten by the same dog, on its rampage the same day, but had been penned up at the time to await developments, also became afflicted with rabies on Saturday and was killed, after the disease had fully developed.

Encouragement Needed.

The long winter evenings are here and the members of the Citizens Band of New Oxford realize that in order to keep up their reputation for high-class music that constant attention to the rehearsals is absolutely necessary. But evidently some of our citizens think just the opposite. Several of the members and those who play very important parts are almost constantly absenting themselves from rehearsals in order to attend musicals, sociables and the like, and it is a very significant fact that the dates for these affairs generally fall on Band rehearsal nights. The citizens of New Oxford should indeed be more careful in future in selecting dates for their entertainments so as not to cause any member of the Band to absent himself from rehearsal. If the citizens of New Oxford would like to see their Band continue to improve and enjoy the approbation of the community they should lend their assistance and encourage the organization avoiding all meetings which would have a tendency to draw away the members on Tuesday and Friday nights of each week, which are the duly appointed nights for Band rehearsal. The citizens of New Oxford can not do the Band a greater injury than by inviting its members out to fetes and sociables, on rehearsal nights.

The Band is certainly a creditable organization and each and all of the boys can well feel proud that they belong to it, and it is certainly not very encouraging to the members who present themselves for rehearsal to see a long row of vacant chairs which should be filled by members who play leading parts. Let the citizens encourage the boys and not do anything to cause them to be absent from Band rehearsal unless absolutely necessary.

Citizen.

Died From Injuries.

Charles Bireley, who is said to admit having dealt the blows, is in custody at Waynesboro. Bireley operates a small repair shop at Blue Ridge Summit and sleeps in a portion of the shop. Early Tuesday morning he was aroused by a noise at one of the windows. Upon investigation he found that some one had broken open the window and had crawled about half way through. Seizing an ax handle Bireley dealt the intruder a blow upon the head. The man fell back out the window. When Bireley went the door the fellow had disappeared.

Later in the day Robert Moorhead was found lying on the ground a short distance from the Bireley shop, in an unconscious condition, with his skull crushed. Without regaining consciousness, Moorhead died Wednesday afternoon about 2 o'clock. Thereupon Bireley surrendered himself to Justice Martin in Waynesboro and was taken to jail.

Moorhead, the dead man, lived at Sallaville, was single, aged 25.

A New Addition.

Within the past week Mr. Nicholas Lingg has had a new street opened, but as yet not ordained by the Town Council. The new streets consist of an extension of South Orange street, passing along at the termination of Pleasant street, opened up on the Eicholtz addition some time ago, to the line between J. C. Geiselman and Spangler Hetrick. From there a new street has been opened on lands of said parties to the home of Mr. N. Lingg on the Littlestown road, to be known as Poplar street. The surveying was completed on Monday and already several building lots have been sold along the streets. Any person desiring to purchase desirable lots at reasonable prices can do so by calling upon either Mr. Geiselman or Mr. Hetrick.

Death Doings.

Isaac Lewin Bender of Martinsburg, W. Va., died at 2:15 o'clock Wednesday morning in Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore. He was aged 57 years. The immediate cause of his death was myocarditis, or a breaking down of the muscles of the heart. Mr. Bender was the third son of Solomon Bender, deceased, and was born on his father's farm, near Bendersville.

Mrs. Sallie E. Glant died at her home at Bendersville Station, between 11 and 12 o'clock Thursday morning after a week's illness of Pneumonia. She is survived by her husband and three children: William, Annie and Heber.

Mrs. Mary A. Culp, wife of John Culp, died at her home on Main street, McSherrystown, at 5:15 a. m. Thursday, aged 66 years, 9 months and 22 days. Mrs. Culp received a stroke of apoplexy, Wednesday afternoon, remaining in an unconscious condition until death ensued. Deceased was a daughter of the late Samuel Smith, of Conewago township, and was married to John Culp, of Gettysburg, about 38 years ago. Besides her husband, she is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Bert Hamm, and an only son, Lewis S. Culp, both of McSherrystown. A sister, Miss Louisa Smith, of McSherrystown, also survives.

Mathias N. Forney, the distinguished mechanical engineer, author and editor, died in New York city Wednesday morning of apoplexy in his seventy third year. He was born in Hanover, York county, the son of Mathias and Amanda Nace Forney and was a member of the York County Historical society. Not more than six months ago he married Mrs. Spear, of Baltimore, whom he knew intimately in his early boyhood.

Gettysburg, Jan. 18.—Merville E. Zinn died Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock at his home in Gettysburg after a brief illness aged 44 years. The cause of death was blood poisoning resulting from a boil. The death of Mr. Zinn came as a shock not only to the town of Gettysburg but also to entire county throughout which Mr. Zinn was well known. Within a few days apparently in the best of health, a large and perfectly formed man, in the prime of life, he has been taken by the hand of death.

Deceased was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Zinn, of Gettysburg. His youth was spent with his parents who lived in Gettysburg for some time and then moved to Harrisburg. From there they came back to the county and lived on a farm of Mr. John Zinn near Table Rock. They then moved to Biglerville where the father conducted a store. Coming back to Gettysburg he accepted a position as clerk in Hotel Gettysburg and later became the proprietor of the hotel continuing as such until he sold the good will and fixtures to the management which has since had control of the hostelry. While proprietor of the hotel Mr. Zinn became known to many through the state and in other states. Together with the management of the hotel and since then he was actively engaged in the management of a farm near Hunterstown.

Mr. Zinn was active in several business concerns. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and of the local lodge of Elks. He was also a member of the Farmers Grange of Hunterstown. He is survived by his wife, his parents, two sons, Roy and John, both of Gettysburg; one brother, Harry, of Altoona; and two sisters, Mrs. E. M. Bender, of Gettysburg, and Mrs. Harbaugh, of Altoona.

William Pierce died at the Soldiers' Home at Hampton Roads, Virginia, on Wednesday, aged 66 years, 10 months and 12 days. He was born in Gettysburg March 3, 1841, the son of James and Margaret McCurdy Pierce, and at the age of 20 enlisted in the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry. He served four years in the army. After the war Mr. Pierce returned to Gettysburg where he lived until about seventeen years ago. After leaving Gettysburg Mr. Pierce went to Washington where he was employed in the Census Department for about seven years. He then went to the Soldiers' Home at Hampton Roads and lived there until the time of his death.

Mrs. Ada Jane Blettner, wife of Henry Blettner, died at her home at Pennville, near Hanover, at 11:45 p. m., Friday, Jan. 17, from consumption. She was aged 31 years and 8 days. The deceased was a daughter of Henry Riebling, of Penn township, and was married in 1895 to Mr. Blettner, a son of William Blettner, of Pennville. Besides the husband, three children survive.

Mrs. Caroline C. Sanders died from infirmities at her home, on Main street McSherrystown, at noon Saturday, aged about 82 years. Deceased was a daughter of the late John Kuhn, of McSherrystown, and was married to Joseph Sanders, who died a number of years ago. Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Sanders has been living alone, though her wants were attended to by relatives and friends. She is survived by an only brother, John Kuhn of Baltimore.

Mrs. Catharine W. Stoner died at her home in East Berlin on Wednesday evening after being ill for ten days. Mrs. Stoner has been in poor health for over a year but became seriously ill about ten days before her death. She was the widow of A. K. Stoner. She is survived by four sons and one daughter: C. W. Ston-

er, Esq., of Gettysburg; ex-Sheriff Newton Stoner, of East Berlin; Dr. Geo. W. Stoner, of New York City; Dr. James B. Stoner, of Evansville, Indiana, and Mrs. L. Y. Diller, of East Berlin. She is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Hildebrand, of Indiana, Pa.

George W. Bowman died at home of his daughter, Mrs. E. R. Shafer, Hanover, at 9:15 a. m. Sunday, Jan. 19, of paralysis, aged 68 years, 11 months and 5 days.

W. Scott Morrison died suddenly at his home in Menallen township between 4 and 5 o'clock Monday morning from heart failure aged 59 years. Although Mr. Morrison had been complaining, his death was entirely unexpected and was a severe shock to his family and his many friends in the upper end of the county. A physician was summoned when Mr. Morrison became suddenly worse Monday morning but he died before medical aid arrived. Mr. Morrison was born and reared on farm on which he lived. He was one of Menallen township's school directors and his name had been filed for re-election. Mr. Morrison is survived by his wife, three sons and seven daughters.

Oliver Roland of near East Berlin, while attending the funeral of a grandson contracted a severe cold which developed into grip and pleurisy and resulted in death in York on last Thursday evening where he had been staying. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. Anthony, of near Franklintown, York county.

Hymenial.

Jan. 12, at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kimmel, of Latimore township, George S. Kimmel and Elsie Stifler, of York, were married by Rev. W. A. Yeisley, of East Berlin.

Brysonia, Jan. 17.—Mr. David Orner and Miss Mary Funt the youngest daughter of Mrs. Solomon Funt of this place, were united in marriage at Arendtville yesterday by the Rev. D. T. Koser. At the same time and place Charles Haner, of Round Top, and Miss Annie Funt, were married, also by Rev. Koser. The two wedded couples left for a wedding trip to Waynesboro and Hanover.

Miss Annie M. Wehler, of Littlestown, and Chas. Stambach, of Union township, were married Thursday evening at St. Paul's Lutheran Parsonage, Littlestown, by Rev. J. Jay Hill.

Mr. James Bostler, a former sexton of St. Joseph's Church, was married Thursday morning of last week to Miss Lillie Noel, of Bonneauville, by Rev. Fr. Burhart. The newly married couple intend making their future home in Lancaster county, where the groom's parents reside.

In Emmanuel Reformed church, Hanover, at high noon Tuesday, by the past Rev. Ellis S. Hay, united in marriage Mr. Amos S. Kempler, of Philadelphia, and Miss Elizabeth Kathryn Tanager, of Hanover.

Was His Own Detective.

The following taken from a Philadelphia paper is concerning C. N. Ziegler, son of C. W. Ziegler a former Gettysburgian:

Returning home for lunch Wednesday and discovering that his house had been ransacked, C. N. Ziegler, of 1437 Christian street, decided to do a little police work on his own account. In company with his mother, who he knew would be able to identify the stolen goods, Ziegler went to the nearest pawn shop, at 15th and Bainbridge sts., where he learned a colored man had pledged one of his coats only a few minutes before his arrival. Hot on the trail of his property, Ziegler visited a pawn shop at 17th and Bainbridge streets. As he entered the door he saw a colored man arguing with the man behind the counter over a coat. Ziegler recognized the coat instantly and grabbed the colored man. Then followed a tussle, during which Ziegler and the colored man rolled over and over on the floor. Finally the colored man, in his frantic endeavors to escape, Ziegler through a bulk window. In the meantime the pawnbroker had telephoned for the police, and by the time the colored man had extricated himself from the broken glass Craig, a special policeman of the 20th and Fitzwater Sts. station, arrived and placed Ziegler's prisoner under arrest.

PERSONAL.

Capt. J. Q. A. Pfeiffer, of Washington, D. C., spent Friday night and Saturday at the home of his sister Miss Elizabeth Pfeiffer, Philadelphia street.

Mrs. Agnes Aumen, of York, is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Pitt street.

Mr. Fred. Winand, of Philadelphia, is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Winand, West High St.

Mrs. C. H. Robinson and daughter Francis, spent Saturday with Mr. P. G. Breighner and family, Gettysburg.

Mr. W. H. Emlet, Misses Lottie Gulden and Lulu Shultz, of Hanover, and Mr. Artie Gulden and Miss Edna Gulden from Pine Run, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gulden, Hanover street.

Among our callers during the past week was Mr. Harry M. Keller of Franklin township. The gentleman is again a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff, and naturally hopes that his party will assist him in retrieving the loss of three years ago. The gentleman is well spoken of wherever known, and his many friends are anxious to have him receive the nomination.

Miss Alverta Lawrence of near town, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. F. M. Lings, near Bonneauville.

Miss Merium Lingg of near Bonneauville, is spending some time with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Lawrence, near town.

Mr. A. H. Stock and family, of Littlestown, spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Stock, North Peters street.

Mrs. Vertie Hartlaub and daughter Miss Kathleen, of Mountpleasant, spent several days at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Meriem Holtz, Pitt street.

Change in Bank.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, held on Saturday, Mr. James R. Weaver, son of Mr. J. S. Weaver of Hanover street, was elected to fill a vacancy in the Bank caused by the resignation of Mr. E. M. Etzler of Hanover, who has been acting cashier since the bank was organized. Mr. Jas. W. Barnitz, the duly elected cashier, will now act in that capacity and Mr. Weaver will be assistant. We understand that Mr. Etzler, who has assisted in building up a number of new financial institutions in his years in this vicinity, on account of advancing years, will retire from the banking business.

Mrs. Julia Ann Michael died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Henry in Hanover at 7:30 p. m. Monday, from the infirmities of old age. She was aged 94 years, 8 months and 14 days.

THIS IS POSITIVE.

"Without a shadow of a doubt the Weaver Piano is a piano of the best quality, and a credit to any artistic home." This is the opinion of Eugene Duffield, the famous concert Pianist and teacher of Nebraska. Volumes of argument could not make his description more positive or effective. Send for catalogue.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO.
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SPRING SALES.

FEBRUARY.
13—James Millhines, near New Chester.
17—J. V. Staub, near New Oxford.
20—Edw. Millhines, near Hampton.
21—Alex. Kinneman, Hamilton.
22—A. V. Staub, Hamilton township.
23—Henry Marshall, Mt. Pleasant twp.
28—M. E. Zinn, near Hunterstown.
MARCH.
2—L. T. Elrhart, near New Chester.
4—J. A. Herman, Mountpleasant twp.
5—W. H. Kohler, Oxford township.
9—H. E. Freed, cross pikes, Oxford p.
14—George Feltz, near New Oxford.
17—Mary C. Eltz, Hamilton.
18—Ira Herman, Strabtown township.
19—Harry Stallsmith, Mt. Pleasant twp.
23—Greg. F. Smith, near Irishtown.
25—Hanson Hersh, near New Oxford.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$.96
No. 2 "..... .90
Raked "..... .50
Rye..... .55 @ .70
Corn..... .50 @ .55
Oats..... .22 @ .45
Clover seed, per lb..... .10 @ .18
Timothy seed..... 1.00 @ 1.50
Rye Straw..... .60 @ .70
Timothy hay..... 10.00 @ 14.00

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

PRINCESS FILM.

The gray fog folds the houses round,
The rain falls from the sky;
And in the house, all snug and warm,
Are Princess Fire and I;
She wears a gown of changing red,
And while she sings to me
She dances gaily to and fro
With laughing witchery.

O weary, weary, weary wheels,
Slow turning in the street,
O lamps that burn so bravely there
Through all the mist and sleet;
O great bleak wind from northern lands
That beats against the pane—
To your cold realms I banish you,
To darkness and the rain.

Upon the hearthstone here within
The ruddy comfort gleams;
And Princess Fire her province rules
The while her subject dreams;
And here is warmth and cheer and light,
And here no need to sigh;
A lover and his lady bright—
Good Princess Fire and I—
—M. S. Clark, in Youth's Companion.

The Harp That Grew.

It was a great day throughout the country when Jack the Giant Killer took possession of the castle. The Giant had been the terror of the neighborhood for so long that the poor people could scarcely call their lives their own. It seemed strange to have that gloomy stronghold opened wide to the air and sunshine, and stranger still to see Jack restored to his own. The castle had belonged to his father, a valiant knight, who was slain in his sleep by the Giant.

Jack and his mother took possession of the castle as soon as all traces of the Giant and his evil deeds had disappeared. Here they lived for many years in great content. The beanstalk withered away after it was cut down, and the steep hill which had stretched between Jack's old home and the castle gradually dwindled. It became once more the gentle slope it had been before the Giant's heavy tread had made such deep furrows along its sides.

Now Jack, you remember, had run away with three precious things from the Giant's castle—the Men that laid the golden eggs, the Money Bags full of precious gold coin and the Magic Harp of gold that played and sang at the Giant's bidding.

All these treasures the Giant had stolen from Jack's father, and Jack was only claiming his own when he took them away. The Harp was so small that Jack had no difficulty in tucking it under his arm as he ran with the Giant at his heels.

After the Giant was slain the Harp was silent for many years. From the first it resisted all of Jack's efforts to make it sing, so he saw it carefully stored in a large disused chamber, and there were so many other pleasures in his life that he soon forgot all about it.

He grew up a very noble, handsome youth, the pride of the countryside and the joy of his mother. He was fond of the hunt, and one evening, returning from the chase, he chanced to pass the chamber where he had hidden the Harp. To his surprise he heard a voice chanting in low, tender melody:

"Our Jack hath now a man become,
'Tis time to bring his true love home."

Jack pulled a key from the pocket of his doublet. In a moment the door flew open and he was peering about in the dim light for the Magic Harp. There it stood against the wall, as he had placed it, a beautiful little toy. He carefully brushed away the dust, showing beneath the bright untarnished gold.

This Harp was curious in shape. The figure of a woman held the top of the instrument on her head and the hands were touching the strings, as though in the act of playing.

"Did you speak to me?" asked Jack, but the Harp made no answer. Suddenly he remembered what the Giant had done.

"Play!" he commanded, and, obediently, the Harpist began to sweep the strings with her golden fingers, singing:

"Take me with you when you woo,
I can choose the maid for you."

Jack had never thought much about his future wife, but as the Harp sang he became anxious to find a beautiful maiden to make him happy. So the next day he set out upon his travels with the Harp under his arm.

He went from castle to castle and found many maidens as handsome as they were good, but the Harp was silent, and so Jack passed them by. One day they came to a stream, on the bank of which a girl was kneeling, her long, bright hair touching the water. As she raised her fair face to look at the approaching youth the Harp suddenly broke into such a rhapsody that the air resounded with it. The birds caught up the lingering notes, and even the girl herself joined her voice in following where the golden fingers led upon the Harp.

Jack did not doubt that this was the maiden of his choice, and as she seemed alone in the world, he took her home and placed her in his mother's arms.

The wedding was a grand affair, and when all was over Jack and his wife sat alone in their happiness. He brought forth the Harp which had guided his choice and placed it on the floor.

"Play!" he commanded, and, passing an arm about his wife, they both leaned forward to listen.

Then a strange thing happened; with every chord the Harp grew larger and the face of the woman became a living, breathing face. Her figure grew taller and the golden gown fluttered in the sunlight.

"A kiss, my daughter, come and give me."

A kiss from your sweet lips and I am free."

The girl wife stooped and laid her lips upon the glittering strings. As she did so the top of the Harp lifted, releasing the head of the woman imprisoned beneath it. She stepped forth, a stately, beautiful creature, who clasped Jack's wife in her arms and held her close.

"My child," she said, "I have waited all these years for you to release me, for you are my very own. My husband was a great prince and loved me more than his life, but I loved my golden Harp only, and even when my child came I swept the strings all day and never noticed her. But once the baby strayed so far from me that she was lost. The prince, my husband, died of grief, and I was doomed to shrink into the smallest space, and became a part of my Harp, until released by the child so long lost to me. Now I am free to rejoice in your new-found happiness."

Again she embraced her daughter and there was joy in the castle.

Then Jack had a golden pedestal fashioned, on which he strung the harp strings and the princess made rare music upon it for the rest of her life.—Belle Moses, in the Washington Star.

A PROBLEM FOR THE INVENTOR.

Something Must Be Found and Found at Once as a Paper Substitute.

One of those things for whose present rise in price there is a real reason is the wood pulp paper from which newspapers are made, declares the New Haven Register. The producers of this sort of paper tell a discouraging tale and spread out an alarming prospect. As most persons know, practically all newspapers today use this pulp paper, made entirely from the spruce of our Northern forests. For every week day of the year 1,765,000 feet of timber is used in paper, and as all the newspapers which print Sunday editions use more paper than on other days, the aggregate amount used on Sunday alone consumes all the timber that can be cut from thousands of acres.

Under the conditions, it is no wonder that the price of news paper is steadily rising. Where a year ago it could be contracted for at two cents a pound, the mills are now loath to set any contract price for as long a time as a year. While in very large quantities it may now be obtained at slightly over that price, its lowest quotation is two and one-half cents, and the price ranges up to three cents a pound, with talk of four or even six cents as a not distant price.

In such a case it is easy to see what is soon to become of the one-cent newspaper. There are scores of newspapers in the country which, even at the former prices of paper, have daily put out editions whose paper alone cost them considerably more than they received out of the one-cent charge. With paper increased even fifty per cent. in price, this will simply be impossible.

But this is only the worst. Unless the situation is exaggerated—and the ordinary observer knows that there is too much truth in the growing dearth of timber—there is prospect in the not distant future of wood pulp becoming so scarce as to prohibit its use for news paper. Something must be found to take its place, and found at once. The problem for the inventor is an imperative and immediate one.—New Haven Register.

Bleaching Flour.

Although the uses of butter color are well known, the public is not generally aware of the existence of flour bleaches. Certain high-grade flours are decidedly yellow when first milled, and the yellow tint is discernible after months of exposure to sunlight. Therefore, the millers resort to electrical and chemical methods of bleaching, for which the manufacturers of the processes claim virtues of increasing the keeping quality and the nutritive and bread-making properties of the flour. But some of the processes, such as bleaching by nitric acid, have been condemned as injurious to health.

Mr. F. J. Alway, of the Nebraska Experiment Station, has tested 100 samples of variously bleached flour, and found, quite naturally, that it gave the whiter loaf, but no difference was discovered in texture, odor or taste from the unbleached specimens. The color of low grades, however, was more unattractive than before, while the baking test showed that the use of more than a certain proportion of nitrogen peroxide was objectionable. But as excessive amounts of the bleaching agent injured the color, thus lowering the market value of the flour, Mr. Alway concludes that there is little danger to the public in overtreating flour by this method.—New York Times.

Stung.

A little girl was being put to bed one summer night, and after she had said her prayers her mother kissed her good-night, and said:

"Now, go to sleep, dear. Don't be afraid, for God's angels are watching over you."

In a short time, while the mother and father were at tea, a small voice from upstairs was heard.

"Mamma!"

"Yes, little one; what is it?"

"Gods' angels are buzzing around, and one's bitten me."—Harper's Weekly.

A NEW VOCABULARY FOR A NEW INDUSTRY

"By what authority came the word chauffeur to be foisted on an English-speaking public?" The question is often asked privately and from time to time some indignant pur-speech-loving enthusiast echoes the same query through the columns of the daily press, with an appeal to the potentate of the blue pencil to use all his power and influence to exterminate the foreign intruder.

There are about a dozen other words, as foreign to the average man ten years ago as ancient Greek, which have gradually slipped into everyday use until to-day they pass unquestioned, and have, by their mere persistence, earned a place for themselves in the latest editions of national dictionaries.

It is one of the rules of life that a nation which has the honor of introducing anything new in any department of activity should impose its own nomenclature. There are sufficient examples in our own products adopted by speakers of other tongues and allowed to retain their native names to warrant accepting a few from outside. Because France got a few years' advance on the world in the introduction of the automobile she had to supply a new set of terms to cover the nakedness of her new creation. "Automobile" suggested itself, nothing being simpler than the combination of auto—self and mobile—moving. But before automobile was allowed to pass as a substantive it was used in connection with carriage, the new vehicle being a voiture automobile, or automobile carriage.

As every noun in French must be of either masculine or feminine gender it had to be decided which class automobile should go into. As voiture is feminine some declared that automobile should be of the gentle sex, too; others took up the opposite side, and an academic division was produced. Even now it is not certain in the land of its creation whether an automobile is a "she" or a "he."

"Chauffeur" is an interloper—an interloper who cannot give one solid reason why he should have been allowed to creep into the automobile language. Before self-moving road vehicles came into being chauffeurs were found only on railroad engines, steamships and stationary steam engines, their duties being to feed their charges with coal. Why the driver of an automobile should have been called a chauffeur it is difficult to understand, for his prototype on steam engines had nothing whatever to do with driving, that task being left to the mechanic, and even the first automobiles, crude as they were, had little in common with a stoke-hole.

The further one goes back the less glorious is the ancestry of the chauffeur. In the dark days of the French revolution armed bands took advantage of the weakened executive power to roam through the land and rob all and sundry. A favorite method of persuasion when the terrified natives refused to reveal the spot in which their treasure was hidden, was to chauffeur or burn the feet of the unfortunate. Frequently, in those cold winter nights the chauffeur or bed warmer, was seized upon as the convenient instrument of torture. So extensive were the depredations of these bands that for a time chauffeur and brigand were synonymous terms.

A garage is merely a shelter, with nothing in its make-up to indicate that it has any connection with automobiles. The connection is easy to see between garage and gare, a railroad station. A garage line on the railroad is merely a siding; when it was necessary to christen the home of the automobile, it was more natural that the locomotive should be godfather and not the horse stable.

As at present applied, chassis is just a little younger than the automobile industry. In earlier days it designated any kind of wood or metal frame, from a wooden cucumber frame to the metal framework of a

railroad coach. It is only by common consent that chassis has obtained its present-day significance; originally it meant the side members and cross sections, nothing more in fact than the framework on which the mechanical organs are attached. Little by little its field of influence was enlarged, until now it is generally understood to mean the entire mechanical part of the automobile. Whether used in the singular or the plural, its termination is the same, chassis, which occasionally finds its way into print, being altogether incorrect.

Georges Huillier, one of the directors of the Mors factory, in Paris, is responsible for elevating the tonneau from a humble field of usefulness as a wooden cylindrical chamber for containing wine or beer, into a dignified position as part of the automobile. At a time when automobile carriage work was without form and void, Huillier produced a new design of body with rear entrance and rounded ends, to be fitted on the chassis in the rear of the driver's seat. Roughly it resembled a barrel cut across the middle; as no more suitable term could be discovered, it was called a barrel—for tonneau is merely the French for barrel—and has remained a tonneau, in the English language, despite radical changes in its design. In French modern side-entrance touring cars have ceased to be known as tonneaux, the type developed from the rear-entrance barrel-shaped body being a double phaeton.

Down in the old-world Department of Correze, in France, known under the old regime as Bas-Limousin, the peasants wear a heavy full footed wooden sabot, known locally as a limousine. The district has also a particular type of closed carriage, a sort of small stage coach, the design of which, in this unchanging country, has probably not been modified in ages. A coachbuilder from Limoges established himself in Paris, produced a new type of open vehicle and named it limousine in honor of his homeland. From an open vehicle the name began to mean a completely closed carriage and with the automobile its importance has grown until now it designates the most luxurious type of touring body; the peasant's wooden shoe, however, has not renounced its right to the title.

Bavaria appears to have given birth to the landaulet, with a type of vehicle fitted with a folding top, and known as a Landau, after the town of Landau, in which it originated. It was modified, slightly reduced in size, and a few more letters added to its title. Taximeter had to be created to meet a modern need for a handy term to designate a vehicle that will doubtless play an important part in every-day life. Some advertising agents appear to have assumed that a taximeter is a special type of automobile, forgetting that the box of clockwork in itself no more modifies the vehicle on which it is placed than the gas meter changes the nature of the gas. It is merely a combination of taxi, a tax, and metre, a measure of distance, designating the instrument which taxes according to distance. On its introduction it occasioned a little trouble, some users being in favor of taximetre and others claiming taximetre; after some discussion etymologists declared the latter form the only correct one, and it has remained.

Jerome Cardan has long laid in his unknown resting place, and his mathematical researches have so passed into the sea of knowledge as to be almost forgotten as individual efforts. The universal joint which his fertile brain created, and which was first known as Cardan's joint or joint a la Cardan, was never in danger of dying out, but its application was somewhat limited and its admirers were few until the automobile came along and brought it into public favor, four centuries after the death of its inventor.—The Automobile.

Preserving Shingles.

The Forest Service has studied the shingle problem along with that of the preservation of farm timber. It is found that shingles treated with creosote by a special process which the service has invented warp but little and decay slowly, because water is kept out of the tissues of the wood. One such roof will outlast two or three left in the natural state to curl, spring loaks and fall to pieces. The creosote used is nothing more than dead oil of coal tar, but it keeps water from entering the pores of the wood and render it immune to decay for a long time. A roof of that kind costs a little more at first, but it is cheaper in the long run. Woods which are usually classed as inferior, such as loblolly pine, beech, sycamore and others which are quick decaying, readily take the preservative treatment and are given a largely increased value.

The preserving apparatus is neither expensive nor hard to operate. One such outfit will serve several farmers. The main items are an iron tank (an old engine boiler will do), with preservative fluid in it and a fire under it, and another tank of cold preservative. The shingles of other woods to be treated are immersed for a sufficient time in the hot creosote and then in the cold. Full details of the operation are given to applicants for information by the Forest Service at Washington.—Harper's Weekly.

Self-love fears no rival.

American Cars Needed in India.

Consul General William H. Michael, in the following report from Calcutta, shows the desirability of the American railway train system in India:

"In consequence of recent murders, robberies and other outrages on trains in India the Eastern Bengal State Railway has ordered electric alarm bells to be installed in the cars of their line, so that passengers may communicate with the guards on the train. It would appear that the only effectual and practical remedy is the substitution of cars built on the American plan, with open ends and vestibule connection, for the side-door arrangements used in India. The English passenger cars, or carriages as they are called, which open at the side, are not suitable for India.—Daily Consular Report.

The National Forests.

The area of forest land reserved by the Government was increased during 1907 by 43,000,000 acres, making the total area of the National Forests more than 160,000,000 acres. The income from the National Forests was greater during the past fiscal year than the entire cost of administration. This income amounted to \$1,530,000—twice as much as the income for 1906 and more than twenty times that for 1905.—President Roosevelt's Message.

A square foot of a Persian rug means twenty-three days' work for the weaver.

Professional Fools.

By IDA A. TAYLOR.

According to Garzoni, the lord was never without the fool, the fool never without a lord; while he adds that so necessary was the one to the other that if the master were compelled to forego temporarily his toy he straightway fell ill from melancholy.

The statement is corroborated by the evidence supplied by history of the extraordinary affection borne by kings to their jesters—an affection perhaps the result in part of a licensed familiarity permitted to the fool alone. Traces of it are everywhere apparent. Here and there a magnificent tomb, such as that erected in the Church of St. Maurice de Senlis to the memory of Thevenin de Saint Ligier, "fool of the King our Lord," testifies to the gratitude of the master toward the man who had made him laugh. Or again the proof of it is to be found in gifts such as the rich chapel of ermine covered with a rose bush, with stem of gold of cypress and leaves of wrought gold presented by John the Good, the prisoner of Poitiers, to his fool, Jehan Arcemalle. So dear was Callette, his official jester, to Francis I. that when death had removed him from his post the King paid to his memory the unwelcome compliment of insisting that his son, made after quite another pattern and regarding the calling with abhorrence, should carry on the family tradition by assuming the cap and bells. Of Charles V. of France it is recorded that he maintained at his court a number of the craft, with whom, his morning devotions concluded, he was accustomed to exchange "paroles joyeuses et honnestes" before proceeding to the more serious occupations of the day. Poor mad Charles VI. surrounded himself with jesters, hoping thus to find a means of distraction from his melancholy; and, to come to a prince of the Church, so close and intimate was the tie uniting Pope Leo X. and his favorite buffoon that the latter assisted at his death-bed, and has been asserted—one would hope erroneously—to have been the sole watcher there.

Abyssinian Ministry.

The decree of the Emperor Menelik announcing the construction of a Cabinet on European lines is as follows:

"The lion of Judah has prevailed. Salutation be to you.

"It is some time since we thought of introducing a European system to our country. You have always indicated (this), and said it would be good if we too adopt some of the European systems.

"I have now taken steps to appoint a Ministry, and if it is the will of God I will complete it. I inform you that I have appointed the following persons: Affa Negus Nasibu, Fitaurari Habta Giorgis, Privy Seal Gabra Selassie, Bejrond Mulugata, Likamaquas Katama, Nagadras Haila Giorgis, Kantiba Walda Sadik."—London Standard.

Shipboard Plowing.

A common everyday farm plow was used in unloading the cargo of the Ammon, at San Francisco. The entire hold was filled with fifteen hundred tons of nitre which had frozen into one solid mass and very hard. Explosives could not be used, and picks and shovels were too slow. As a joke a bystander suggested they had better use a plow. The captain decided to try the plan, and bought a good-sized plow, and by means of block and tackle and steam winch, pulled it back and forth the length of the hold. The plow loosened the nitre as fast as a big gang could shovel it into steel buckets. This is probably the only instance on record where a ship's cargo was discharged in this way.—Popular Mechanics.

Sellin's a Sheep.

Two Highland farmers met on their way to church. "Man," said Donald, "I was wonderin' what you will be askin' for yon bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I was thinkin' I wad be wantin' fifty shullin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald; "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doin' business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for fifty shullin's is no business at all; it's just charity!"—Scottish American.

Due and Legal Form.

"Since it is all over between us, Miss Berkenhead," said the young man, pale but calm, "I am compelled to ask for the return of the numerous and costly presents I have given you from time to time during the last six months, under the mistaken idea that I was your accepted lover and you were my affianced wife."

"No, Henry," she answered, "you can't claim them now. All you can do is to give me the necessary thirty days' notice. By that time—er—perhaps confidence will be restored."—Chicago Tribune.

Catching Him.

During the recent stay in camp of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, one of the captains called a sergeant one day, saying:

"Sergeant, note down Private Mooney—one day on bread and water for slovenly turnout on parade."

"Beg pardon, captain," responded the sergeant, "but that won't make any difference to Mooney—he's a vegetarian."

"Then," said the captain, "give him one day on meat and soup."—Harper's Weekly.

CHIPMUNK AND THE CHEWINK.

A gay chewink on the brooklet's brink
Was murmuring to its mate:
"I hear," it said, "that the world has read
Of us a whole lot of late."

And a blithe chipmunk, with a smile most merry,
Looked out from its oak chip monastery:

The gay chewink, with a knowing blink,
Said: "What do you think of this?
They say that we cannot count to three,
That theory is amiss."

And the blithe chipmunk, with a saucy snicker,
Began to cut up like a black-winged flicker.

The gay chewink then observed: "I think
This chipmunk is out too late,
For I have seen in a magazine
That chipmunks should hibernate."

And the blithe chipmunk gave a yell of laughter,
And the chewink winked for an hour thereafter.

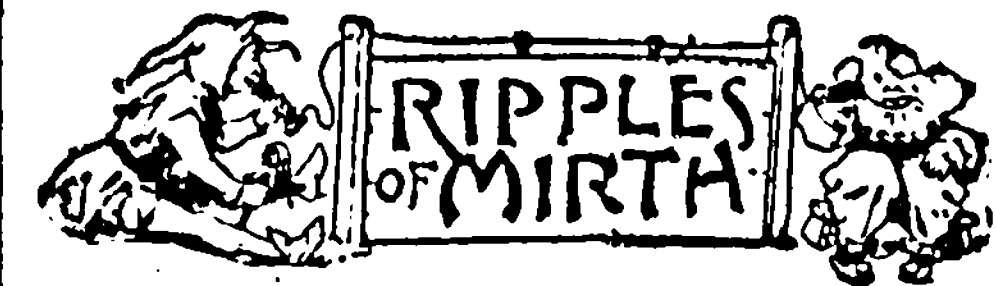
The gay chewink on the brooklet's brink
Said: "If you observe the signs
You might observe that it takes much nerve
To do such chipmonkey shins!"

And the blithe chipmunk, in a way most spunky,
Declared it was not any old chipmonkey.

The blithe chipmunk stood upon a chunk
That was near the brooklet's brink,
And said, said he: "I have heard you chee,
But I never saw you wink."

And all over all the surrounding acres
Was watching a throng of the nature fakirs.

—Chicago Post.



The public plays no return dates in hero worship.—Life.

"His automobile had a red finish, didn't it?" "Yes; it burned up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boarder—"Do you subscribe for the village newspaper?" Inhabitant—"No, the village dressmaker boards tew our house."—Life.

"Why are you so sore at him?" "He eloped with my wife." "Cheer up. You'll get over it before he does."—Cleveland Leader.

"Oh, I could die for you!" I said.
"No, live for me instead.
And pay the bills for all my clothes,
My jewelry and hats and hose;
Also my board," she said.

—New York Evening Sun.

Nell—"Miss Antique has such a faraway look in her eyes." Belle—"She is probably thinking of her younger days."—Philadelphia Record.

McSosh—"Want to know a good story to stall your wife with when you get home late?" DeLush—"No use. I'd never get to tell it."—Cleveland Leader.

"Pa, what's an average man?" "One who has a sneaking suspicion that he has qualities which make him superior to anybody else."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A quiver of arrows, a stout little bow,
A smile, and the tint of a rose—
His wardrobe's complete; for the elf's well aware
'Tis Eden wherever he goes.

"The Packsons are happily married, aren't they?" "Oh, no! Why, they hadn't lived together three weeks before she discovered that he played a wretched game of bridge."—Life.

"Mr. Gruff showed me the other day some rude attempts he had made at carving." "I couldn't imagine him making any other kind of attempts at anything."—Baltimore American.

Housekeeper—"How does it happen, Jane, that you never saw finger-bowls before? Didn't they use them in the last place you worked?" Jane—"No, marm, they mostly washed themselves before they came to the table, marm."—Life.

"Ah, my friend," said the old soldier, "you don't know what it is to be in the midst of ashower of shells." "Yes, I do," responded the younger man. "Been in the war?" "No, but I have often sat in the parquet while the gallery gods were munching peanuts."—Chicago Daily News.

Foiled Again.

The stout man opened the door of the small waiting-room at Bushby station and looked cautiously into the room. As he saw it was apparently empty, he entered, closed the door softly behind him, and tiptoed over to the weighing-machine. "I guess I've got my chance at last," he muttered, as he hastily thrust a cent into the slot and stepped gingerly on the platform at the same instant.

He settled himself firmly, and was adjusting his glasses to decipher the number of pounds registered, when the door of the ticket agent's room opened, and out he came, rubbing his chilled hands.

"Have to warm up at the stove once in a while," he said, genially, and was surprised at the answer he received.

"Any excuse does 'em, I notice," muttered the stout man, and he stepped heavily from the weighing-machine without having deciphered the figures.

"You won't find out how much I weigh to-day!" he said, louder, with a hostile glance at the ticket agent. "This is the forty-fifth time I've tried to use one o' these machines in peace, but now I give it up. If 'tisn't an imposition, I don't know what is!"—Youth's Companion.

Limit on Student Marriages.

The Pekin Government has decided to limit the marriage of students, and unless a student is a graduate of a middle school and past the age of twenty years he will not be permitted to get married.—Shanghai Mercury.

PRINCESS FIRE.

The gray fog folds the houses round,
The rain falls from the sky;
And in the house, all snug and warm,
Aro Princess Fire and I;
She wears a gown of changing red,
And while she sings to me
She dances gaily to and fro
With laughing witchery.

O weary, weary, weary wheels,
Slow turning in the street,
O lamps that burn so bravely there
Through all the mist and sleet;
O great black wind from northern lands
That beats against the pane—
To your cold realms I banish you,
To darkness and the rain.

Upon the hearthstone here within
The ruddy comfort gleams;
And Princess Fire her province rules
The while her subject dreams;
And here is warmth and cheer and light,
And here no need to sigh;
A lover and his lady bright—
Good Princess Fire and I.
—M. S. Clark, in Youth's Companion.

The Harp That Grew.

It was a great day throughout the country when Jack the Giant Killer took possession of the castle. The Giant had been the terror of the neighborhood for so long that the poor people could scarcely call their lives their own. It seemed strange to have that gloomy stronghold opened wide to the air and sunshine, and stranger still to see Jack restored to his own. The castle had belonged to his father, a valiant knight, who was slain in his sleep by the Giant.

Jack and his mother took possession of the castle as soon as all traces of the Giant and his evil deeds had disappeared. Here they lived for many years in great content. The Beanstalk withered away after it was cut down, and the steep hill which had stretched between Jack's old home and the castle gradually dwindled. It became once more the gentle slope it had been before the Giant's heavy tread had made such deep furrows along its sides.

Now Jack, you remember, had run away with three precious things from the Giant's castle—the Men that laid the golden eggs, the Money Bags full of precious gold coin and the Magic Harp of gold that played and sang at the Giant's bidding.

All these treasures the Giant had stolen from Jack's father, and Jack was only claiming his own when he took them away. The Harp was so small that Jack had no difficulty in tucking it under his arm as he ran with the Giant at his heels.

After the Giant was slain the Harp was silent for many years. From the first it resisted all of Jack's efforts to make it sing, so he saw it carefully stored in a large disused chamber, and there were so many other pleasures in his life that he soon forgot all about it.

He grew up a very noble, handsome youth, the pride of the countryside and the joy of his mother. He was fond of the hunt, and one evening, returning from the chase, he chanced to pass the chamber where he had hidden the Harp. To his surprise he heard a voice chanting in low, tender melody:

"Our Jack hath now a man become,
'Tis time to bring his true love home."

Jack pulled a key from the pocket of his doublet. In a moment the door flew open and he was peering about in the dim light for the Magic Harp. There it stood against the wall, as he had placed it, a beautiful little toy. He carefully brushed away the dust, showing beneath the bright untarnished gold.

This Harp was curious in shape. The figure of a woman held the top of the instrument on her head and the hands were touching the strings, as though in the act of playing.

"Did you speak to me?" asked Jack, but the Harp made no answer. Suddenly he remembered what the Giant had done.

"Play!" he commanded, and, obediently, the Harpist began to sweep the strings with her golden fingers, singing:

"Take me with you when you woo,
I can choose the maid for you."

Jack had never thought much about his future wife, but as the Harp sang he became anxious to find a beautiful maiden to make him happy. So the next day he set out upon his travels with the Harp under his arm.

He went from castle to castle and found many maidens as handsome as they were good, but the Harp was silent, and so Jack passed them by. One day they came to a stream, on the bank of which a girl was kneeling, her long, bright hair touching the water. As she raised her fair face to look at the approaching youth the Harp suddenly broke into such a rhapsody that the air resounded with it. The birds caught up the jingling notes, and even the girl herself joined her voice in following where the golden fingers led upon the Harp.

Jack did not doubt that this was the maiden of his choice, and as she seemed alone in the world, he took her home and placed her in his mother's arms.

The wedding was a grand affair, and when all was over Jack and his wife sat alone in their happiness. He brought forth the Harp which had guided his choice and placed it on the floor.

"Play!" he commanded, and, passing an arm about his wife, they both leaned forward to listen.
Then a strange thing happened; with every chord the Harp grew larger and the face of the woman became a living, breathing face. Her figure grew taller and the golden gown fluttered in the sunlight.

"A kiss, my daughter, come and give me.

A kiss from your sweet lips and I am free."

The girl wife stooped and laid her lips upon the glittering strings. As she did so the top of the Harp lifted, releasing the head of the woman imprisoned beneath it. She stepped forth, a stately, beautiful creature, who clasped Jack's wife in her arms and held her close.

"My child," she said, "I have waited all these years for you to release me, for you are my very own. My husband was a great prince and loved me more than his life, but I loved my golden Harp only, and even when my child came I swept the strings all day and never noticed her. But once the baby strayed so far from me that she was lost. The prince, my husband, died of grief, and I was doomed to shrink into the smallest space, and became a part of my Harp, until released by the child so long lost to me. Now I am free to rejoice in your now-found happiness."

Again she embraced her daughter and there was joy in the castle.

Then Jack had a golden pedestal fashioned, on which he strung the harp strings and the princess made rare music upon it for the rest of her life.—Belle Moses, in the Washington Star.

A PROBLEM FOR THE INVENTOR.

Something Must Be Found and Found at Once as a Paper Substitute.

One of those things for whose present rise in price there is a real reason is the wood pulp paper from which newspapers are made, declares the New Haven Register. The producers of this sort of paper tell a discouraging tale and spread out an alarming prospect. As most persons know, practically all newspapers today use this pulp paper, made entirely from the spruce of our Northern forests. For every week day of the year 1,765,000 feet of timber is used in paper, and as all the newspapers which print Sunday editions use more paper than on other days, the aggregate amount used on Sunday alone consumes all the timber that can be cut from thousands of acres.

Under the conditions, it is no wonder that the price of news paper is steadily rising. Where a year ago it could be contracted for at two cents a pound, the mills are now loath to set any contract price for as long a time as a year. While in very large quantities it may now be obtained at slightly over that price, its lowest quotation is two and one-half cents, and the price ranges up to three cents a pound, with talk of four or even six cents as a not distant price.

In such a case it is easy to see what is soon to become of the one-cent newspaper. There are scores of newspapers in the country which, even at the former prices of paper, have daily put out editions whose paper alone cost them considerably more than they received out of the one-cent charge. With paper increased even fifty per cent. in price, this will simply be impossible.

But this is only the worst. Unless the situation is exaggerated—and the ordinary observer knows that there is too much truth in the growing dearth of timber—there is prospect in the not distant future of wood pulp becoming so scarce as to prohibit its use for news paper. Something must be found to take its place, and found at once. The problem for the inventor is an imperative and immediate one.—New Haven Register.

Bleaching Flour.

Although the uses of butter color are well known, the public is not generally aware of the existence of flour bleaches. Certain high-grade flours are decidedly yellow when first milled, and the yellow tint is discernible after months of exposure to sunlight. Therefore, the millers resort to electrical and chemical methods of bleaching, for which the manufacturers of the processes claim virtues of increasing the keeping quality and the nutritive and bread-making properties of the flour. But some of the processes, such as bleaching by nitric acid, have been condemned as injurious to health.

Mr. F. J. Alway, of the Nebraska Experiment Station, has tested 100 samples of variously bleached flour, and found, quite naturally, that it gave the whiter loaf, but no difference was discovered in texture, odor or taste from the unbleached specimens. The color of low grades, however, was more unattractive than before, while the baking test showed that the use of more than a certain proportion of nitrogen peroxide was objectionable. But as excessive amounts of the bleaching agent injured the color, thus lowering the market value of the flour, Mr. Alway concludes that there is little danger to the public in overtreating flour by this method.—New York Times.

Stung.

A little girl was being put to bed one summer night, and after she had said her prayers her mother kissed her good-night, and said:

"Now, go to sleep, dear. Don't be afraid, for God's angels are watching over you."

In a short time, while the mother and father were at tea, a small voice from upstairs was heard.

"Mamma!"

"Yes, little one; what is it?"

"Gods' angels are buzzing around, and one's bitten me."—Harper's Weekly.

A NEW VOCABULARY FOR A NEW INDUSTRY

"By what authority came the word chauffeur to be foisted on an English-speaking public?" The question is often asked privately and from time to time some indignant pure-speech-loving enthusiast echoes the same query through the columns of the daily press, with an appeal to the potentate of the blue pencil to use all his power and influence to exterminate the foreign intruder.

There are about a dozen other words, as foreign to the average man ten years ago as ancient Greek, which have gradually slipped into everyday use until to-day they pass unquestioned, and have, by their mere persistence, earned a place for themselves in the latest editions of national dictionaries.

It is one of the rules of life that a nation which has the honor of introducing anything new in any department of activity should impose its own nomenclature. There are sufficient examples in our own products adopted by speakers of other tongues and allowed to retain their native names to warrant accepting a few from outside. Because France got a few years' advance on the world in the introduction of the automobile she had to supply a new set of terms to cover the nakedness of her new creation. "Automobile" suggested itself, nothing being simpler than the combination of auto—self and mobilis—moving. But before automobile was allowed to pass as a substantive it was used in connection with carriage, the new vehicle being a voiture automobile, or automobile carriage.

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The further one goes back the less glorious is the ancestry of the chauffeur. In the dark days of the French revolution armed bands took advantage of the weakened executive power to roam through the land and rob all and sundry. A favorite method of persuasion when the terrified natives refused to reveal the spot in which their treasure was hidden, was to chauffeur or burn the feet of the unfortunate. Frequently, in those cold winter nights the chauffette or bed warmer, was seized upon as the convenient instrument of torture. So extensive were the depredations of these bands that for a time chauffeur and brigand were synonymous terms.

A garage is merely a shelter, with nothing in its make-up to indicate that it has any connection with automobiles. The connection is easy to see between garage and gare, a railroad station. A garage line on the railroad is merely a siding; when it was necessary to christen the home of the automobile, it was more natural that the locomotive should be godfather and not the horse stable. As at present applied, chassis is just a little younger than the automobile industry. In earlier days it designated any kind of wood or metal frame, from a wooden cucumber frame to the metal framework of a

Preserving Shingles.

The Forest Service has studied the shingle problem along with that of the preservation of farm timber. It is found that shingles treated with creosote by a special process which the service has invented warp but little and decay slowly, because water is kept out of the tissues of the wood. One such roof will outlast two or three left in the natural state to curl, spring leaks and fall to pieces. The creosote used is nothing more than dead oil of coal tar, but it keeps water from entering the pores of the wood and render it immune to decay for a long time. A roof of that kind costs a little more at first, but it is cheaper in the long run. Woods which are usually classed as inferior, such as loblolly pine, beech, sycamore and others which are quick decaying, readily take the preservative treatment and are given a largely increased value.

The preserving apparatus is neither expensive nor hard to operate. One such outfit will serve several farmers. The main items are an iron tank (an old engine boiler will do), with preservative fluid in it and a fire under it, and another tank of cold preservative. The shingles of other woods to be treated are immersed for a sufficient time in the hot creosote and then in the cold. Full details of the operation are given to applicants for information by the Forest Service at Washington.—Harper's Weekly.

Self-love fears no rival.

railroad coach. It is only by common consent that chassis has obtained its present-day significance; originally it meant the side members and cross sections, nothing more in fact than the framework on which the mechanical organs are attached. Little by little its field of influence was enlarged, until now it is generally understood to mean the entire mechanical part of the automobile. Whether used in the singular or the plural, its termination is the same, chassis, which occasionally finds its way into print, being altogether incorrect.

Georges Huillier, one of the directors of the Mors factory, in Paris, is responsible for elevating the tonneau from a humble field of usefulness as a wooden cylindrical chamber for containing wine or beer, into a dignified position as part of the automobile. At a time when automobile carriage work was without form and void, Huillier produced a new design of body with rear entrance and rounded ends, to be fitted on the chassis in the rear of the driver's seat. Roughly it resembled a barrel cut across the middle; as no more suitable term could be discovered, it was called a barrel—for tonneau is merely the French for barrel—and has remained a tonneau, in the English language, despite radical changes in its design. In French modern side-entrance touring cars have ceased to be known as tonneaux, the type developed from the rear-entrance barrel-shaped body being a double phaeton.

Down in the old-world Department of Correze, in France, known under the old regime as Bas-Limousin, the peasants wear a heavy full footed wooden sabot, known locally as a limousine. The district has also a particular type of closed carriage, a sort of small stage coach, the design of which, in this unchanging country, has probably not been modified in ages. A coachbuilder from Limoges established himself in Paris, produced a new type of open vehicle and named it limousine in honor of his homeland. From an open vehicle the name began to mean a completely closed carriage and with the automobile its importance has grown until now it designates the most luxurious type of touring body; the peasant's wooden shoe, however, has not renounced its right to the title.

Bavaria appears to have given birth to the landaulet, with a type of vehicle fitted with a folding top, and known as a Landau, after the town of Landau, in which it originated. It was modified, slightly reduced in size, and a few more letters added to its title. Taximeter had to be created to meet a modern need for a handy term to designate a vehicle that will doubtless play an important part in everyday life. Some advertising agents appear to have assumed that a taximeter is a special type of automobile, forgetting that the box of clockwork in itself no more modifies the vehicle on which it is placed than the gas meter changes the nature of the gas. It is merely a combination of taxi, a tax, and metre, a measure of distance, designating the instrument which taxes according to distance. On its introduction it occasioned a little trouble, some users being in favor of taximetre and others claiming taximetre; after some discussion etymologists declared the latter form the only correct one, and it has remained.

Jerome Cardan has long laid in his unknown resting place, and his mathematical researches have so passed into the sea of knowledge as to be almost forgotten as individual efforts. The universal joint which his fertile brain created, and which was first known as Cardan's joint or joint a la Cardan, was never in danger of dying out, but its application was somewhat limited and its admirers were few until the automobile came along and brought it into public favor, four centuries after the death of its inventor.—The Automobile.

American Cars Needed in India.

Consul General William H. Michael, in the following report from Calcutta, shows the desirability of the American railway train system in India:

"In consequence of recent murders, robberies and other outrages on trains in India the Eastern Bengal State Railway has ordered electric alarm bells to be installed in the cars of their line, so that passengers may communicate with the guards on the train. It would appear that the only effectual and practical remedy is the substitution of cars built on the American plan, with open ends and vestibule connection, for the side-door arrangements used in India. The English passenger cars, or carriages as they are called, which open at the side, are not suitable for India.—Daily Consular Report.

The National Forests.

The area of forest land reserved by the Government was increased during 1907 by 43,000,000 acres, making the total area of the National Forests more than 180,000,000 acres. The income from the National Forests was greater during the past fiscal year than the entire cost of administration. This income amounted to \$1,530,000—twice as much as the income for 1906 and more than twenty times that for 1905.—President Roosevelt's Message.

A square foot of a Persian rug means twenty-three days' work for the weaver.

Professional Fools.

By IDA A. TAYLOR.

According to Garzoni, the lord was never without the fool, the fool never without a lord; while he adds that so necessary was the one to the other that if the master were compelled to forego temporarily his toy he straightway fell ill from melancholy.

The statement is corroborated by the evidence supplied by history of the extraordinary affection borne by kings to their jesters—an affection perhaps the result in part of a licensed familiarity permitted to the fool alone. Traces of it are everywhere apparent. Here and there a magnificent tomb, such as that erected in the Church of St. Maurice de Senlis to the memory of Thevenin de Saint Liger, "fool of the King our Lord," testifies to the gratitude of the master toward the man who had made him laugh. Or again the proof of it is to be found in gifts such as the rich chapel of ermine covered with a rose bush, with stem of gold of cypress and leaves of wrought gold presented by John the Good, the prisoner of Poitiers, to his fool, Jehan Arcemalle. So dear was Callette, his official jester, to Francis I. that when death had removed him from his post the King paid to his memory the unwelcome compliment of insisting that his son, made after quite another pattern and regarding the calling with abhorrence, should carry on the family tradition by assuming the cap and bells. Of Charles V. of France it is recorded that he maintained at his court a number of the craft, with whom, his morning devotions concluded, he was accustomed to exchange "paroles joyeuses et honnestes" before proceeding to the more serious occupations of the day. Poor mad Charles VI. surrounded himself with jesters, hoping thus to find a means of distraction from his melancholy; and, to come to a prince of the Church, so close and intimate was the tie uniting Pope Leo X. and his favorite buffoon that the latter assisted at his deathbed, and has been asserted—one would hope erroneously—to have been the sole watcher there.

Abyssinian Ministry.

The decree of the Emperor Menelik announcing the construction of a Cabinet on European lines is as follows:

"The lion of Judah has prevailed. Salutation be to you.

"It is some time since we thought of introducing a European system to our country. You have always indicated (this), and said it would be good if we too adopt some of the European systems.

"I have now taken steps to appoint a Ministry, and if it is the will of God I will complete it. I inform you that I have appointed the following persons: Affa Negus Nasibu, Fitaurari Habta Giorgis, Privy Seal Gabra Selassie, Bejirond Mulugata, Likamaquas Katama, Nagadras Halla Giorgis, Kantiba Walda Sadik."—London Standard.

Shipboard Plowing.

A common everyday farm plow was used in unloading the cargo of the Ammon, at San Francisco. The entire hold was filled with fifteen hundred tons of nitre which had frozen into one solid mass and very hard. Explosives could not be used, and picks and shovels were too slow. As a joke a bystander suggested they had better use a plow. The captain decided to try the plan, and bought a good-sized plow, and by means of block and tackle and steam winch, pulled it back and forth the length of the hold. The plow loosened the nitre as fast as a big gang could shovel it into steel buckets. This is probably the only instance on record where a ship's cargo was discharged in this way.—Popular Mechanics.

Sellin's a Sheep.

Two Highland farmers met on their way to church. "Man," said Donald, "I was wonderin' what you will be askin' for your bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I was thinkin' I was be wantin' fifty shillin' for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald; "but, ooh, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doin' business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for fifty shillin' is not business at all; it's just charity!"—Scottish American.

Due and Legal Form.

"Since it is all over between us, Miss Berkenhead," said the young man, pale but calm, "I am compelled to ask for the return of the numerous and costly presents I have given you from time to time during the last six months, under the mistaken idea that I was your accepted lover and you were my affianced wife."

"No, Henry," she answered, "you can't claim them now. All you can do is to give me the necessary sixty days' notice. By that time—er—perhaps confidence will be restored."—Chicago Tribune.

Catching Him.

During the recent stay in camp of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, one of the captains called a sergeant one day, saying: "Sergeant, note down Private Mooney—one day on bread and water for slovenly turnout on parade."

"Beg pardon, captain," responded the sergeant, "but that won't make any difference to Mooney—he's a vegetarian."

"Then," said the captain, "give him one day on meat and soup."—Harper's Weekly.

CHIPMUNK AND THE CHEWINK.

A gay chewink on the brooklet's brink
Was murmuring to its mate:
"I hear," it said, "that the world has read
Of us a whole lot of late."

And a blithe chipmunk, with a smile most merry,
Looked out from its oak chip monastery.

The gay chewink, with a knowing blink,
Said: "What do you think of this?
They say that we cannot count to three,
That theory is amiss."

And the blithe chipmunk, with a saucy snicker,
Began to cut up like a black-winged flicker.

The gay chewink then observed: "I think
This chipmunk is out too late,
For I have seen in a magazine
That chipmunks should hibernates."

And the blithe chipmunk gave a yell of laughter,
And the chewink winked for an hour thereafter.

The gay chewink on the brooklet's brink
Said: "If you observe the signs
You might observe that it takes much nerve
To do such chipmunkish shins!"

And the blithe chipmunk, in a way most spunky,
Declared it was not any old chipmunk.

The blithe chipmunk stood upon a chunk
That was near the brooklet's brink,
And said, said he: "I have heard you chee,
But I never saw you wink."

And all over all the surrounding acres
Was watching a throng of the nature fakirs.
—Chicago Post.



The world plays no return dates
In hero worship.—Life.

"His automobile had a red finish,
didn't it?" "Yes; it burned up."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boarder—"Do you subscribe for
the village newspaper?" Inhabitant
—"No, the village dressmaker boards
tew our house."—Life.

"Why are you so sore at him?"
"He eloped with my wife." "Cheer
up. You'll get over it before he
does."—Cleveland Leader.

"Oh, I could die for you!" I said.
"No; live for me instead.
And pay the bills for all my clothes,
My jewelry and hats and hose;
Also my board," she said.
—New York Evening Sun.

Nell—"Miss Antique has such a
faraway look in her eyes." Belle—
"She is probably thinking of her
younger days."—Philadelphia Record.

McSosh—"Want to know a good
story to stall your wife with when
you get home late?" DeLush—"No
use. I'd never get to tell it."—
Cleveland Leader.

"Pa, what's an average man?"
"One who has a sneaking suspicion
that he has qualities which make
him superior to anybody else."—Chi-
cago Record-Herald.

A quiver of arrows, a stout little bow,
A smile, and the tint of a rose—
His wardrobe's complete; for the elf's well
aware
"Tis Eden wherever he goes.

"The Packsons are happily mar-
ried, aren't they?" "Oh, no! Why,
they hadn't lived together three
weeks before she discovered that he
played a wretched game of bridge."—
Life.

"Mr. Gruff showed me the other
day some rude attempts he had made
at carving." "I couldn't imagine
him making any other kind of at-
tempts at anything."—Baltimore
American.

Housekeeper—"How does it hap-
pen, Jane, that you never saw finger-
bowls before? Didn't they use them
in the last place you worked?" Jane
—"No, marm, they mostly washed
themselves before they came to the
table, marm."—Life.

"Ah, my friend," said the old sol-
dier, "you don't know what it is to
be in the midst of a shower of shells."
"Yes, I do," responded the younger
man. "Been in the war?" "No, but
I have often sat in the parquet while
the gallery gods were munching pean-
uts."—Chicago Daily News.

Foiled Again.

The stout man opened the door of
the small waiting-room at Bushby
station and looked cautiously into
the room. As he saw it was appar-
ently empty, he entered, closed the
door softly behind him, and tiptoed
over to the weighing-machine. "I
guess I've got my chance at last," he
muttered, as he hastily thrust a cent
into the slot and stepped gingerly
on the platform at the same instant.

He settled himself firmly, and was
adjusting his glasses to decipher the
number of pounds registered, when
the door of the ticket agent's room
opened, and out he came, rubbing his
chilled hands.

"Have to warm up at the stove
once in a while," he said, genially,
and was surprised at the answer he
received.

"Any excuse does 'em, I notice,"
muttered the stout man, and he
stepped heavily from the weighing-
machine without having deciphered
the figures.

"You won't find out how much I
weigh to-day!" he said, louder, with
a hostile glance at the ticket agent.
"This is the forty-fifth time I've
tried to use one of these machines
in peace, but now I give it up. If
'tisn't an imposition, I don't know
what is!"—Youth's Companion.

Limit on Student Marriages.
The Pekin Government has decid-
ed to limit the marriage of students,
and unless a student is a graduate of
a middle school and past the age of
twenty years he will not be permit-
ted to get married.—Shanghai Mer-
cury.

MISS ANNIE CATRON.



CATARRH MADE LIFE A BURDEN TO ME.

MISS ANNIE CATRON, 927 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "As I have found Peruna a blessing for a severe case of catarrh of the head and throat which I suffered from for a number of years, I am only too pleased to give it my personal endorsement."

"Catarrh, such as I suffered from, made life a burden to me, my breath was offensive, stomach bad, and my head stopped up so that I was usually troubled with a headache, and although I tried many so-called remedies, nothing gave me permanent relief. I was rather discouraged with all medicines when Peruna was suggested to me."

"However, I did buy a bottle, and before that was finished there was a marked change in my condition. Much encouraged I kept on until I was completely cured in a month's time, and I find that my general health is also excellent."

"People who prefer solid medicines should try Peruna tablets. Each tablet represents one average dose of Peruna."

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.
Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1908.

MIRACLE REPORTED.

Image of Beautiful Youth is Said to Have Appeared Twice.

A miracle is reported to have occurred in the village church at Brin, France.

On two Sundays in succession during the services on the priest placing the host in the monstrance, the image of a wonderfully beautiful youth was apparent on the wafer.

A great number of the congregation testify to the genuineness of the phenomenon.

Beware of Ointments For Catarrh That Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Captain Sticks to Business. Captain Watt of the Lusitania, is not noted for affableness. He maintains that the captain's place is on the bridge, not in the saloon, and he believes that he best serves his passengers' interest by insuring their safety rather than by looking after their entertainment.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Pazo Ointment is a cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

France is responsible for the game of billiards. Devigne invented it in 1572.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

M. Metchnikoff for longevity advises sour milk and an absence of worry.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

After Central African Lore. Prof. Alexander Agassiz, director and curator of the Harvard museum, will lead an expedition to Central Africa within a short time for the purpose of pursuing his already extensive scientific investigations. The details of the trip have not yet been fully mapped out, and the identity of those who will accompany him and the length of his trip are not known.

VIRGINIA MERCHANT RID OF A VERY BIG GRAVEL STONE.

Another Remarkable Cure of Serious Kidney Trouble.

C. L. Wood, a prominent merchant of Fentress, Norfolk Co., Va., was suffering some months ago with frequent attacks of hard pain in the back, kidneys and bladder and the kidney secretions were irregularly scanty, or profuse. Medical treatment failed to cure him.

"At last," says Mr. Wood, "I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and before one box was gone, I went through four days of intense pain, finally passing a stone, one-half by five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. I haven't had a sign of kidney trouble since."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for all cases of kidney trouble, whether the complaint is in the early or advanced stage. They are sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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GREAT MEN'S DOGS.

Van, George the Pug, Poacher and Patti's Richi.

Among those who have become world famous in literature, the arts, science and the drama, dogs have been prime favorites. Landseer, Leighton, Dickens, Pugin, the eminent architect; Rousseau, the philosopher; Scott, Tennyson and Darwin were all passionately devoted to canine pets; while, going still further back one finds that Chaucer, Sir Isaac Newton, Rubens and Hogarth regarded them as the best of companions.

Of present day celebrities none, perhaps, has a greater fondness for these four-footed pets or a higher opinion of their intelligence than Lord Avebury, who actually taught his black poodle, Van, to read by means of cards and thus communicate his wants to his master. The Bishop of Ripon has not found time to make a study of his pets in the same way that Lord Avebury has done, but he is nevertheless much attached to George, a pug, whose character, alas, has a number of black marks against it.

George, in fact, is a pug possessing a very combative disposition and has a partiality for worrying sheep. He has already been the death of several, and would doubtless find much in common with Gyp, Mr. W. P. Frith's pet fox terrier. "Gyp," says the veteran Royal Academician, "may be called a 'gay dog,' for he has a habit of stopping out all night and returning about 5 in the morning, when he barks and howls until he is let in. He has all the courage of his race and will attack any other dog, irrespective of size or ferocity. Indeed, he has been rescued from death several times by means of sticks and umbrellas."

The favorite pet of Mr. Rider Haggard is a dog named Poacher, whose history is both interesting and remarkable. Poacher's mother was a famous lurcher—a poacher's dog—and was well known all over West Norfolk. She was set on Mr. Haggard's keeper one night by her master. There was some shooting, the dog was captured, and its owner was charged with attempted murder. The canine prisoner was condemned to be shot after the trial; but the famous novelist begged for the poor creature, won her, and her off-spring—the aforesaid poacher—has proved to be a faithful animal.

Mme. Patti has possessed many pets but none of them ever held such a high place in her affections as Richi, a little dog presented to the prima donna by a Mexican friend. It is said that this lucky favorite provided with a complete wardrobe, including nightgowns made of costly silk, and seven collars, one for each day of the week. And when not out with his mistress Richi reclines in a handsome wicker basket, specially designed for his comfort.

Most of the members of the British Royal family have a passionate regard for dogs. For many years past King Edward has never been without a dog as a faithful and inseparable companion. Jack, an Irish terrier, is His Majesty's chief favorite, while Sandringham Paul and Sandringham Pansy—a couple of prize bulldogs—share the affection of Queen Alexandra.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is so fond of fox-terriers that she possesses about a dozen, while the Princess of Wales is seldom separated from her favorite dog, Facey.—Tit Bits.

Cruising on the Nile.

Our trip led at last to a boat on the waters of the Nile, where we lived three weeks of glowing luminous days, while the hours passed even as the sands of time. In leaving Cairo and passing through the big bridge we were surrounded by the most ethereal boats I ever saw, and they were but the curtain raiser to the continuous performance going on around us afterward. We steamed ahead by day, not so very fast, for the channel is treacherous, and the native, taking frequent soundings at the bow often failed to prevent the boat from sticking her nose straight in the mud. No harm came except vociferous shouting in a language sounding much like turkey gobbling. Meanwhile the sailboats glided by, graceful and swift in spite of their clumsy framework. Some were ferry boats, old and tattered and crowded with laborers, family parties, donkeys, everything. Others were laden with water jars or "fodder for the kine," and still others were the far-famed dahabeahs, a kind of winged houseboat. They all came near enough for us to feel well acquainted with their passengers.—Travel Magazine.

An Autographed Copy.

A rich and well-known citizen of an Eastern city boasts of an extraordinary collection of books wherein the authors have inscribed their autographs. It is rumored that the envy and frequently the scepticism of his friends have been aroused by the flattering inscriptions in question; and some cynics have even gone so far as to hint of a similarity in handwriting throughout the collection.

The citizen recently purchased a rare edition of Montaigne's Essays. One evening, at dinner, the costly volume was passed from hand to hand, and for a time the owner lost sight of it. When, however, it did finally come back to him, he was astonished to find on the fly leaf this inscription: "To John Blank from his old friend and classmate, Mike Montaigne."—Harper's Weekly.

Nearly every Japanese follows the trade or profession of his father.

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DO WE GET IN OUR OWN WAY?

English Girl Says We Do by Stopping to Look at Things.

An American who has been in England seven years and has now returned to this country finds that while we go through the motions of hustling we don't always get along as fast as we think we do.

An English girl in Chicago, he says in the Bellman, recently complained to her American friends that what troubled her most in American cities was the way in which people dawdled in the streets. She found herself continually blocked and unable to get along as fast as she was accustomed to walk at home.

Of course, the American friends familiar with witticisms about the slowness of an Englishman's movements thought she was joking, whereas she was entirely and quite intelligibly in earnest.

Americans in London seldom spend much time in the city, or business section. They live and seek their pleasures in the West End or uptown, where every one is at leisure, and thereby they get an idea that the Britisher is a vastly more leisurely person than he is. If they lived for a while in the atmosphere of the city they would find it a good deal more like home.

It is not to be doubted that the average American moves his legs and arms faster than the average Briton. Perhaps the individual gets over a given number of yards of ground quicker, but I earnestly doubt whether the whole business community of any large American city travels five blocks as fast as does the population of the city in London.

The eye habituated to the street scenes of large European cities is less struck by the rapidity of movement on a crowded American street than by its disorderliness. Like the hare in the fable, Americans have an incurable habit when going at top speed of stopping to look at things. Almost any old thing will do.

The lack of policing of the wheeled traffic in American cities is, of course, proverbial; and the spirit of chaos (what a sight for European eyes is the pandemonium at Broadway and Canal street, for instance) communicates itself in a measure to the sidewalks. You are all so intent on going on your own ways that you are forever standing in each other's way.

Which, of course, reads peevishly. But it is the honest impression of one who returns to the United States after an absence long enough for the old things to seem new to him. I can understand that English girl's impatience. I have found myself wondering whether the busy American is really busier than the busy Britisher. I know Americans who are too busy to spend more than ten minutes at their lunch; once in their offices will put their feet up, tilt their chairs, swap stories and pick their teeth for the rest of the afternoon.

No Paper Money for the Indians.

"There are two traits about the American Indian that civilization and contact with his white brothers cannot overcome," said Frank L. Campbell, who has spent several years as a school teacher among the Sioux and has learned to know them well.

"Those peculiarities are his aversion to paper money and his appetite for dog. An Indian will never take paper money if he can avoid it. He wants, in the language of the Sioux, 'muzzaska,' which translated means white iron. The red man cannot bring himself to believe that a small piece of printed paper can be worth as much or more than the metal itself. Strange to say, an Indian would also rather have ten silver dollars than one ten dollar gold piece. I do not know whether it is because the ten pieces of money appear to be more or whether it is simply because he likes to jingle the coins."—Washington Post.

The Gocart Should Go.

The gocart is killing. No man or woman could sleep in one; and it is a crime to make infants sit up ten hours a day in such contraptions. The infant should be allowed to lie down flat on its back and have a good snooze. Whenever I feel a little stupid on a hot afternoon and allow myself to sit in a chair and nod I feel a sort of tugging at my heart and am amazed on awakening. It is not healthful. The siesta of the equatorial regions is never enjoyed sitting. The senorita and the senora recline. They also relax. Their little sleep lasts about two hours and it is all sleep. Let the child lie down. It is better for it to have its feet above its head than its head above its feet. Get rid of the gocart immediately.—New York Press.

Coinage and Thrift.

The South was poor for many years because the smallest bit of fractional currency was the 5-cent nickel. The people despised the copper-bronze cent in fact, the government refused for a long time to place it in circulation. Everything that was not a multiple of 5 was raised to the multiple. A few merchants made ten strikes by "calling it square" to the nearest division. If an article was priced 92 cents, you got it for 90. If it was priced 93 cents you had to pay 95. The thrifter the people the smaller the subsidiary coin. Our smallest coin is the cent. If we had the mill our thrift would increase. One of these days we shall come to the mill.—New York Press.

Cats as Food.

In Northern Italy the cat is a favorite article of food, even though people are forbidden by law from partaking of the animal. Indeed, cats are fattened and grown for the market with great care, and the Italians believe that they are far superior to rabbits in every good quality. The method of cooking the animal is to roast it in an oven until brown, with onions, garlic, parsley, bay leaf, red wine and some fragrant herbs other than those mentioned.

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Disasters and Lammas Day.

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CHINESE WOMAN STUDENT.

A Daughter of Shanghai Enters University of Berlin.

The Berlin University, which among more than 7,000 students, includes 707 women of diverse nationalities, has just inscribed upon its registers the first Chinese woman student. Her name is Li Tsu Zung, and she is only 17 years of age.

The daughter of a Chinese physician at Shanghai, she frequented a modern school until the age of 14, and then took private lessons. Miss Li Tsu Zung dresses in the European fashion, speaks German and English well, and her intention is to follow the English and German literature classes at the Berlin University.

Why Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies Are the Best to Use.

Let me tell you why Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies are the safest and most practical on the market today. In the first place, Dr. Earl S. Sloan is the son of a veterinary surgeon, and from his earliest infancy he was associated with horses.

He bought and sold horses while yet very young. He practiced as a veterinary for twenty years, and has battled successfully with every disease to which that animal is subject.

All his remedies are the result of experiments made to save life or relieve suffering while he was practicing his profession.

Any reader, by writing to Dr. Earl S. Sloan, 615 Albany street, Boston, Mass., will receive "Sloan's Treatise on the Horse," free. This book tells how to treat horses, cattle, hogs and poultry.

Abstinence in Scotland.

A generation ago water-drinking occupants of civic chairs were very rare in Scotland. Total abstinence, however, can claim as a result of the recent elections that 46 Scottish burghs are presided over by abstaining provosts. The list includes Sir William Bisland, Bart, Lord Provost of Glasgow, and Lord Provost Gibson, Edinburgh.

DOCTOR SAID "USE CUTICURA"

For Bad Case of Eczema on Child—Disease Had Reached a Fearful State—Order Resulted in Cure.

"When I was small I was troubled with eczema for about three months. It was all over my face and covered nearly all of my head. It reached such a state that it was just a large scab all over, and the pain and itching were terrible. I doctored with an able physician for some time and was then advised by him to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did and I was entirely cured. I have not been bothered with it since. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, but do not know exactly how much was used to complete the cure. Miss Anabel Wilson, North Branch, Mich., Oct. 20, '07."

SUBMARINE CABLE'S ENEMY.

Little Creature of the Sea That Is Fond of Gutta Percha.

The vicissitudes of a submarine cable are many. It may be torn by an anchor, crushed by a rock or seriously damaged by a coral reef such as abound in the tropics. Some of the growths often found on a cable tend to decay the iron sheathing wires. Then, again a cable is sometimes severed by a seaquake. It may be fatally attacked by the snout of a sawfish or by the spike of a swordfish.

But perhaps the little animal that makes itself most objectionable from the cable engineer's standpoint is the insignificant looking teredo navalis. This little beast is intensely greedy where gutta percha is concerned, working its way there between the iron wires and between the serving yarns. Theslicia in the outer cable compound tends to defeat the teredo's effort at making a meal off the core and this defeat is further effected by the core being enveloped in a thin taping of brass.

But where the bottom is known to be badly infected with these monsters of the deep the insulator is often composed of india rubber, which has no attraction for the teredo and possesses a toughness, moreover, which is less suited for its boring tool than the comparatively cheese-like gutta percha.

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Restoring Ruins.

The famous ruins of Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, England, are being restored as far as the four great arches are concerned, and more excavations are being made around it in the hope of finding new buildings.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases</

MISS ANNIE CATRON.



CATARRH MADE LIFE A BURDEN TO ME.

MISS ANNIE CATRON, 927 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "As I have found Peruna a blessing for a severe case of catarrh of the head and throat which I suffered from for a number of years, I am only too pleased to give it my personal endorsement. "Catarrh, such as I suffered from, made life a burden to me, my breath was offensive, stomach bad, and my head stopped up, so that I was usually troubled with a headache, and although I tried many so-called remedies, nothing gave me permanent relief. I was rather discouraged with all medicines when Peruna was suggested to me. "However, I did buy a bottle, and before that was finished there was a marked change in my condition. Much encouraged, I kept on until I was completely cured in a month's time, and I find that my general health is also excellent. "People who prefer solid medicines should try Peruna tablets. Each tablet represents one average dose of Peruna. Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative. Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1908.

MIRACLE REPORTED.

Image of Beautiful Youth is Said to Have Appeared Twice.

A miracle is reported to have occurred in the village church at Brin, France.

On two Sundays in succession during the services on the priest placing the host in the monstrance, the image of a wonderfully beautiful youth was apparent on the wafer.

A great number of the congregation testify to the genuineness of the phenomenon.

Beware of Ointments For Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by R. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by R. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Captain Sticks to Business.

Captain Watt of the Lusitania, is not noted for affableness. He maintains that the captain's place is on the bridge, not in the saloon, and he believes that he best serves his passengers' interest by insuring their safety rather than by looking after their entertainment.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

France is responsible for the game of billiards. Devigne invented it in 1572.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. bottle.

M. Metchnikoff for longevity advises sour milk and an absence of worry.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

After Central African Lore.

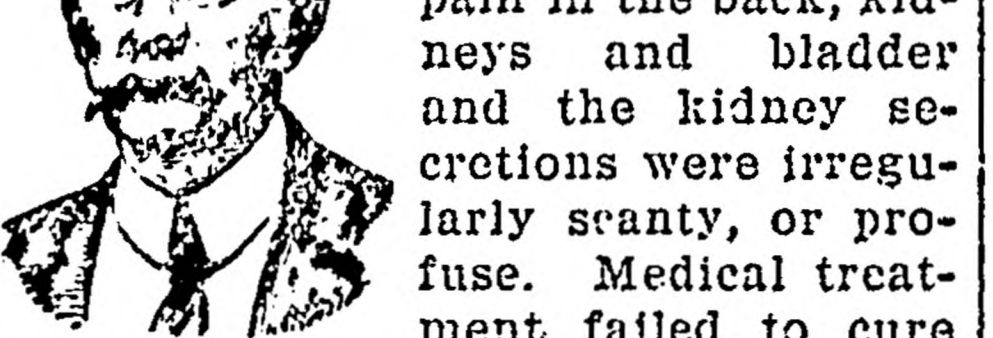
Prof. Alexander Agassiz, director and curator of the Harvard museum, will lead an expedition to Central Africa within a short time for the purpose of pursuing his already extensive scientific investigations. The details of the trip have not yet been fully mapped out, and the identity of those who will accompany him and the length of his trip are not known.

VIRGINIA MERCHANT RID OF A VERY BIG GRAVEL STONE.

Another Remarkable Cure of Serious Kidney Trouble.

C. L. Wood, a prominent merchant of Fentress, Norfolk Co., Va., was suffering some months ago with frequent attacks of hard pain in the back, kidneys and bladder and the kidney secretions were irregularly scanty, or profuse. Medical treatment failed to cure him. "At last," says Mr. Wood, "I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and before one box was gone, I went through four days of intense pain, finally passing a stone, one-half by five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. I haven't had a sign of kidney trouble since."

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GREAT MEN'S DOGS.

Van, George the Pug, Poacher and Patti's Richi.

Among those who have become world famous in literature, the arts, science and the drama, dogs have ever been prime favorites. Landseer, Lelton, Dickens, Pugh, the eminent architect; Rousseau, the philosopher; Scott, Tennyson and Darwin were all passionately devoted to canine pets; while, going still further back one finds that Chaucer, Sir Isaac Newton, Rubens and Hogarth regarded them as the best of companions.

Of present day celebrities none, perhaps, has a greater fondness for these four-footed pets or a higher opinion of their intelligence than Lord Avebury, who actually taught his black poodle, Van, to read by means of cards and thus communicate his wants to his master. The Bishop of Ripon has not found time to make a study of his pets in the same way that Lord Avebury has done, but he is nevertheless much attached to George, a pug, whose character, alas, has a number of black marks against it.

George, in fact, is a pug possessing a very combative disposition and has a partiality for worrying sheep. He has already been the death of several, and would doubtless find much in common with Gyp, Mr. W. P. Frith's pet fox terrier. "Gyp," says the veteran Royal Academician, "may be called a 'gay dog,' for he has a habit of stopping out all night and returning about 5 in the morning, when he barks and howls until he is let in. He has all the courage of his race and will attack any other dog, irrespective of size or ferocity. Indeed, he has been rescued from death several times by means of sticks and umbrellas."

The favorite pet of Mr. Rider Haggard is a dog named Poacher, whose history is both interesting and remarkable. Poacher's mother was a famous lurcher—a poacher's dog—and was well known all over West Norfolk. She was set on Mr. Haggard's keeper one night by her master. There was some shooting, the dog was captured, and its owner was charged with attempted murder. The canine prisoner was condemned to be shot after the trial, but the famous novelist begged for the poor creature, won her, and her off-spring—the aforesaid poacher—has proved to be a faithful animal.

Mme. Patti has possessed many pets but none of them ever held such a high place in her affections as Richi, a little dog presented to the prima donna by a Mexican friend. It is said that this lucky favorite provided with a complete wardrobe, including nightgowns made of costly silk, and seven collars, one for each day of the week. And when not out with his mistress Richi reclines in a handsome wicker basket, specially designed for his comfort.

Most of the members of the British Royal family have a passionate regard for dogs. For many years past King Edward has never been without a dog as a faithful and inseparable companion. Jack, an Irish terrier, is His Majesty's chief favorite, while Sandringham Paul and Sandringham Pansy—a couple of prize bulldogs—share the affection of Queen Alexandra.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is so fond of fox-terriers that she possesses about a dozen, while the Princess of Wales is seldom separated from her favorite dog, Facey.—Tit Bits.

Cruising on the Nile.

Our trip led at last to a boat on the waters of the Nile, where we lived three weeks of glowing luminous days, while the hours passed even as the sands of time. In leaving Cairo and passing through the big bridge we were surrounded by the most ethereal boats I ever saw, and they were but the curtain raiser to the continuous performance going on around us afterward. We steamed ahead by day, not so very fast, for the channel is treacherous, and the native, taking frequent soundings at the bow often failed to prevent the boat from sticking her nose straight in the mud. No harm came except vociferous shouting in a language sounding much like turkeys gobbling. Meanwhile the sailboats glided by, graceful and swift in spite of their clumsy framework. Some were ferry boats, old and tattered and crowded with laborers, family parties, donkeys, everything. Others were laden with water jars or "fodder for the kine," and still others were the far-famed dahabeahs, a kind of winged houseboat. They all came near enough for us to feel well acquainted with their passengers.—Travel Magazine.

An Autographed Copy.

A rich and well-known citizen of an Eastern city boasts of an extraordinary collection of books wherein the authors have inscribed their autographs.

It is rumored that the envy and frequently the scepticism of his friends have been aroused by the flattering inscriptions in question; and some cynics have even gone so far as to hint of a similarity in handwriting throughout the collection.

The citizen recently purchased a rare edition of Montaigne's Essays. One evening, at dinner, the costly volume was passed from hand to hand, and for a time the owner lost sight of it. When, however, it did finally come back to him, he was astonished to find on the fly leaf this inscription: "To John Blank from his old friend and classmate, Mike Montaigne."—Harper's Weekly.

DO WE GET IN OUR OWN WAY?

English Girl Says We Do by Stopping to Look at Things.

An American who has been in England seven years and has now returned to this country finds that while we go through the motions of hustling we don't always get along as fast as we think we do.

An English girl in Chicago, he says in the Bellman, recently complained to her American friends that what troubled her most in American cities was the way in which people dawdled in the streets. She found herself continually blocked and unable to get along as fast as she was accustomed to walk at home.

Of course, the American friends familiar with witticisms about the slowness of an Englishman's movements thought she was joking, where-as she was entirely and quite intelligently in earnest.

Americans in London seldom spend much time in the city, or business section. They live and seek their pleasures in the West End or uptown, where every one is at leisure, and thereby they get an idea that the Britisher is a vastly more leisurely person than he is. If they lived for a while in the atmosphere of the city they would find it a good deal more like home.

It is not to be doubted that the average American moves his legs and arms faster than the average Briton. Perhaps the individual gets over a given number of yards of ground quicker, but I earnestly doubt whether the whole business community of any large American city travels five blocks as fast as does the population of the city in London.

The eye habituated to the street scenes of large European cities is less struck by the rapidity of movement on a crowded American street than by its disorderliness. Like the hare in the fable, Americans have an incurable habit when going at top speed of stopping to look at things. Almost any old thing will do.

The lack of policing of the wheeled traffic in American cities is, of course, proverbial; and the spirit of chaos (what a sight for European eyes is the pandemonium at Broadway and Canal street, for instance) communicates itself in a measure to the sidewalkers. You are all so intent on going on your own ways that you are forever standing in each other's way.

Which, of course, reads peevishly. But it is the honest impression of one who returns to the United States after an absence long enough for the old things to seem new to him. I can understand that English girl's impatience. I have found myself wondering whether the busy American is really busier than the busy Britisher. I know Americans who are too busy to spend more than ten minutes at their lunch; once in their offices will put their feet up, tilt their chairs, swap stories and pick their teeth for the rest of the afternoon.

No Paper Money for the Indians.

"There are two traits about the American Indian that civilization and contact with his white brothers cannot overcome," said Frank L. Campbell, who has spent several years as a school teacher among the Sioux and has learned to know them well.

"Those peculiarities are his aversion to paper money and his appetite for dog. An Indian will never take paper money if he can avoid it. He wants, in the language of the Sioux, 'muzzaska,' which translated means white iron. The red man cannot bring himself to believe that a small piece of printed paper can be worth as much or more than the metal itself. Strange to say, an Indian would also rather have ten silver dollars than one ten dollar gold piece. I do not know whether it is because the ten pieces of money appear to be more or whether it is simply because he likes to jingle the coins."—Washington Post.

The Gocart Should Go.

The gocart is killing. No man or woman could sleep in one; and it is a crime to make infants sit up ten hours a day in such contraptions. The infant should be allowed to lie down flat on its back and have a good snooze. Whenever I feel a little stupid on a hot afternoon and allow myself to sit in a chair and nod I feel a sort of tugging at my heart and am dazed on awakening. It is not healthful. The siesta of the equatorial regions is never enjoyed sitting. The senorita and the senor recline. They also relax. Their little sleep lasts about two hours and it is all sleep. Let the child lie down. It is better for it to have its feet above its head than its head above its feet. Get rid of the gocart immediately.—New York Press.

Coinage and Thrift.

The South was poor for many years because the smallest bit of fractional currency was the 5-cent nickel. The people despised the copper-bronze cent in fact, the government refused for a long time to place it in circulation. Everything that was not a multiple of 5 was raised to the multiple. A few merchants made ten strikes by "calling it square" to the nearest division. If an article was priced 92 cents, you got it for 90. If it was priced 93 cents you had to pay 95. The thrifter people the smaller the subsidiary coin. Our smallest coin is the cent. If we had the mill our thrift would increase. One of these days we shall come to the mill.—New York Press.

Nearly every Japanese follows the trade or profession of his father.

The Handwriting of Authors.

An interesting study is the handwriting of authors, as it indicates to a greater or less degree their personal temperaments. Longfellow wrote a bold, open back hand, which was the delight of printers. Joaquin Miller writes such a bad hand that he often becomes puzzled over his own work, and the printer sings the praises of the inventor of the typewriter. Charlotte Bronte's writing seemed to have been traced with a cambric needle, and Thackeray's writing, while marvelously neat and precise, was so small that the best of eyes were needed to read it. Likewise the handwriting of Capt. Marryat was so microscopic that when he was interrupted in his labors he was obliged to mark the place where he left off by sticking a pin in the paper. Napoleon's was worse than illegible, and it is said that his letters from Germany to the Empress Josephine were at first thought to be rough maps of the seat of war. Carlyle wrote a patient, crabbed, and oddly emphasized hand. The penmanship of Bryant was aggressive, well formed, and decidedly pleasing to the eye; while the chirography of Scott, Hunt, Moore, and Gray was smooth and easy to read, but did not express any distinct individuality. Byron's handwriting was nothing more than a scrawl. His additions to his proofs frequently exceeded in volume the original copy, and in one of his poems, which contained in the original only four hundred lines, one thousand were added in the proofs. The writing of Dickens was minute, and he had a habit of writing with blue ink on blue paper. Frequent erasures and interlineations made his copy a burden to his publishers.

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Calls Men Food Faddists.

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Lammas, as August 1 is popularly called, remains an important date, not really in Scotland, but throughout rural England. This was formerly our national harvest festival. The word has puzzled philologists, but is really a contracted form of Hlaf-Mass, so termed because the first loaf made from the new corn was presented at church on this day, which fell nearly a fortnight later under the old calendar. During the eighteenth century the Dissenters kept high festival on Lammas Day, to commemorate the death of Queen Anne. If she had lived, they would have been debarred by the "Schism bill" from the liberty of educating their own children. Which seems to point some moral for the present moment.—Westminster Gazette.

Cats as Food.

In Northern Italy the cat is a favorable article of food, even though people are forbidden by law from partaking of the animal. Indeed, cats are fattened and grown for the market with great care, and the Italians believe that they are far superior to rabbits in every good quality. The method of cooking the animal is to roast it in an oven until brown, with onions, garlic, parsley, bay leaf, red wine and some fragrant herbs other than those mentioned—

CHINESE WOMAN STUDENT.

A Daughter of Shanghai Enters University of Berlin.

The Berlin University, which among more than 7,000 students, includes 707 women of diverse nationalities, has just inscribed upon its registers the first Chinese woman student. Her name is Li Tzu Zung, and she is only 17 years of age.

The daughter of a Chinese physician at Shanghai, she frequented a modern school until the age of 14, and then took private lessons. Miss Li Tzu Zung dresses in the European fashion, speaks German and English well, and her intention is to follow the English and German literature classes at the Berlin University.

Why Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies Are the Best to Use.

Let me tell you why Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies are the safest and most practical on the market today. In the first place, Dr. Earl S. Sloan is the son of a veterinary surgeon, and from his earliest infancy he was associated with horses.

He bought and sold horses while yet very young. He practiced as a veterinary for twenty years, and has battled successfully with every disease to which that animal is subject. All his remedies are the result of experiments made to save life or relieve suffering while he was practicing his profession.

Any reader, by writing to Dr. Earl S. Sloan, 615 Albany street, Boston, Mass., will receive "Sloan's Treatise on the Horse," free. This book tells how to treat horses, cattle, hogs and poultry.

Abstinence in Scotland.

A generation ago water-drinking occupants of civic chairs were very rare in Scotland. Total abstinence, however, can claim as a result of the recent elections that 45 Scottish burgs are presided over by abstaining provosts. The list includes Sir William Bissland, Bart, Lord Provost of Glasgow, and Lord Provost Gibson, Edinburgh.

DOCTOR SAID "USE CUTICURA"

For Bad Case of Eczema on Child—Disease Had Reached a Fearful State—Order Resulted in Cure.

"When I was small I was troubled with eczema for about three months. It was all over my face and covered nearly all of my head. It reached such a state that it was just a large scab all over, and the pain and itching were terrible. I doctored with an able physician for some time and was then advised by him to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did and I was entirely cured. I have not been bothered with it since. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, but do not know exactly how much was used to complete the cure. Miss Anabel Wilson, North Branch, Mich., Oct. 20, '07."

SUBMARINE CABLE'S ENEMY.

Little Creature of the Sea That Is Fond of Gutta Percha.

The vicissitudes of a submarine cable are many. It may be torn by an anchor, crushed by a rock or seriously damaged by a coral reef such as abound in the tropics. Some of the growths often found on a cable tend to decay the iron sheathing wires. Then, again a cable is sometimes severed by a seaquake. It may be fatally attacked by the snout of a sawfish or by the spike of a swordfish. But perhaps the little animal that makes itself most objectionable from the cable engineer's standpoint is the insignificant-looking tereido nautilus. This little beast is intensely greedy where gutta percha is concerned, working its way there between the iron wires and between the serving yarns. Thesillon in the outer cable compound tends to defeat the tereido's effort at making a meal off the core and this defeat is further effected by the core being enveloped in a thin taping of brass. But where the bottom is known to be badly infected with these monsters of the deep the insulator is often composed of india rubber, which has no attraction for the tereido and possesses a toughness, moreover, which is less suited for its boring tool than the comparatively cheese-like gutta percha.

To Relieve Mothers.

The working class mother, continually kept from church by the necessity of preparing the Sunday dinner, seems likely to have the problem solved in one town of Lancashire, England, by the serving of a simple, ready-cooked meal from a central kitchen.

It is predicted by a very modern architect that the house of one large room, a small electric kitchen attached and an enormous enclosed porch, with facilities for outdoor sleeping, has come to stay.

Restoring Ruins.

The famous ruins of Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, England, are being restored as far as the four great arches are concerned, and more excavations are being made around it in the hope of finding new buildings.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance; Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 881 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

To get rid of daughters East Indians marry them to flowers. When the flowers are dead the girls are widows, and widows can be sold—cheap.

Only One "Bromo Quinine" That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Pure Food for Animals.

George B. McCabe, Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture, remarks that the national pure food law is for the benefit of beasts as well as human beings. The following example is cited. Suppose a farmer living in Indiana, near Chicago, should haul his hay into the Illinois metropolis for marketing. Suppose, also, that this farmer claims his hay to be Timothy. If he sells it under this claim and the purchaser discovers that the hay contains red top, the farmer is liable to prosecution under the pure food law. Quite proper. Likewise, presumably, the faithful horse who at the dinner hour finds shoe pegs served, when the menu calls for oats, will have quite as good a ground for complaint under the law as the unsuspecting housewife upon whom the unscrupulous peddler foists nutmegs made of basswood. In this war on the sale of fraudulent foods let no guilty man escape.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Peru—An Almanac in 8,000,000 Homes.

The Peru Lucky Day Almanac has become a fixture in every Peruvian home. It can be obtained from all druggists free. Be sure to inquire early. The 1908 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Speak for one to-day.

Vienna's Circle of Green.

The city of Vienna has recently undertaken, at an estimated expense of \$10,000,000, to surround itself with a belt of forests. The existing forests near the city are to be preserved, and others, together with broad, green meadows, are to be established in such a way as completely to encircle the city. Land is being reserved for the new plantations, which are to be connected with the celebrated Prater, which already forms a green border for the Austrian capital on the east. This idea is enthusiastically urged for the beautifying of the suburbs of other cities, which are now, in many cases, not only unattractive, but often hideous.

An Indian Critic.

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache Indian, writes to the Philadelphia Public Ledger a two-column communication denouncing the present administration of the Carlisle Indian School. He points out that the original purpose of the school, to give Indian boys and girls the advantages of a thorough and practical education, and to place them on an equal footing with the whites, has been lost sight of, and that the institution is now conducted largely as a military post. Dr. Montezuma declares that the army officers in control of the school have no interest in their work, and that their attitude toward the Indian is that of the commandant of a station on the Western plains.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

P. N. U. 2, 1908.

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A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c. A COLLapsible TUBE MADE OF PURE TIN—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS. A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-alleviating and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

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